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The Academy is obtainable of all Booksellers and Newsagents throughout the world, and at any Railway Bookstall in the United Kingdom.

* * There has been a large demand for last week's issue of *The Academy*, containing the first of a series of Literary Supplements with matter by various famous writers reprinted from the old files of the paper; but a few copies are still available, and can be obtained by ordering or direct from the publishers.

Review of the Week

MR. ARTHUR PONSONBY, M.P., is able to write about politics in a measured and authoritative tone. As private secretary to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman he had the training which fits men to deal with affairs of State. The pamphlet* which he has lately published is unexceptionable in phrasing and weighty in argument, and we rose from its perusal with a sense of satisfaction. Mr. Ponsonby recognises, as every instructed and responsible critic of our wonderful political system is bound

* "Democracy and the Control of Foreign Affairs." By Arthur Ponsonby, M.P. (A. C. Fifield. 3d. net.)

to recognise, that democracy can only exert a most dangerous influence on international affairs. Of course, his theme is to prove the contrary position, but being a truthful man of affairs, he is forced into admissions which shatter his theorem:—

The entire and sole control of our foreign relations rests in the hands of a single individual, who, with this immense responsibility thrust upon him, finds himself increasingly pressed for time, and becomes more and more reluctant to tolerate the interference or advice of outsiders, whom he can generally accuse with some reason of being ill-informed. His work is most arduous and anxious, and he not unnaturally becomes impatient at embarrassing or ill-timed interpellations.

The statement that "the entire and sole control of our foreign relations rests in the hands of a single individual" is manifestly erroneous. The Prime Minister is always consulted on foreign policy, and the Cabinet not infrequently. Mr. Lloyd George flouts Germany at the Mansion House, and Lord Haldane whispers honied words in Berlin. Mr. Ponsonby would apparently have us believe that Foreign Policy is no more beyond the comprehension of the man in the crowd who knows nothing of its essentials than such simple measures as the Budget of 1909 or the Insurance Act.

The "Concert of Europe" which was extinguished under the Granville-Gladstone regime, amidst contempt and derision, appeals to Mr. Ponsonby's conception of an ideal foreign policy. Great Britain when she pusillanimously adopted the futile system fell to the lowest position in European estimation in which she has ever been held. Splendid isolation or a Continental System are the only alternatives, and Mr. Ponsonby admits "that the House of Commons as an assembly is not competent in itself to deal continuously with the intricacies of foreign affairs." Mr. Ponsonby further admits that "the proposal to institute in the House of Commons a Foreign Affairs Committee—as it exists in some foreign countries—is fraught with difficulty," and he proves the thesis up to the hilt. His panacea is:

More frequent opportunities for discussion in the House of Commons.

Answers to Parliamentary Questions.

The laying of papers on Foreign Questions.

Pronouncements by the Foreign Secretary in the country.

It was hardly worth while to write a pamphlet of thirty pages to place such a sovereign remedy before an expectant and famished section of the articulate public.

A summer season for Grand Opera has been decided upon by Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, to begin in April and continue for three months. The committee whose efforts have brought about this satisfactory result included among its members the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Norfolk, and Lord Howard de Walden, whose interest in music and art is well known. One of the first operas to be presented is a new one, "The Children of Don," by Josef Holbrooke, the libretto being written by Lord Howard de Walden under the name of T. E. Ellis.

Song of a March Morning

GREEN sheltered nooks and forest-ways that twined
 'Mid hawthorn boughs and banks of clustering fern
 In June, to solace weary heart and mind,
 Here do my footsteps turn
 When on a wild March morning sings the wind
 About my lattice till I look and yearn.

Then, if perchance I cast my books away
 And take the path across the windy lea
 Up the wide moorland where the ling is grey
 And knows not what shall be,
 My glad heart sings aloud for such a day,
 Praising the wild March morn, the moors and thee!

Though bare thy branches and deserted bowers,
 Though bleak the moors without their purple fire
 Of scented heather, and of sun-warm flowers
 On golden broom and briar,
 My heart sings loud in praise of the glad hours
 The wild March morning yields to my desire!

WINIFRED SUTCLIFFE GREAVES.

St. Raphael

THOUGH many footsteps scar its drifting sand,
 The desert is not now less desolate
 Than when, a stranger from a silent land,
 Thou wentest forth at dawn from Tobit's gate.

Though we have numbered all the stars that knew
 Thy going forth, and scanned the fire that made
 Round thy return a golden mist, we, too,
 Are blind, and in our blindness sore afraid.

And if no healing bless our darkened sight,
 Is it because, when came some silent one
 To guide us, we refused the proffered light,
 And knew not it was thee till thou wert gone?

Or dost thou through the desert travel still
 With seeking souls, unguerdoned, unrevealed,
 Returning not to Him who sent thee, till
 By power of pain the darkened eyes are healed?

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

Nemesis and the Common Denominator

IT is the fashion to be bitterly pessimistic about the level of public taste in reading. The critic gazes in sheer hopelessness upon the flood of sentimental and sensational trash which the printing presses pour out in newspaper, magazine, and book form—a flood so enormous and so ruthless that the survival of a single landmark of good taste seems to be a miracle. No one who considers how much capital, skill, and labour are devoted to the production of "what the public wants" can avoid

being cynical on the subject. Denunciation is indeed so easy and so well justified that it may be carried too far. It may, for instance, divert attention from the fact that the business of supplying the mass of the public with "something to read" is not so preposterous as it used to be.

The Education Act of 1870 was an indirect endowment of this class of business. It gave hundreds of thousands of commonplace minds the faculty of reading, and so created (or at least multiplied indefinitely) the demand for reading matter to suit these minds. Several firms were established in quick succession to meet this demand. Their aims, it is most important to note, were frankly and entirely commercial. They did not attempt, as the brothers Chambers did in earlier years and on a more restricted basis, to educate as well as to entertain. They had no ambition to assist in the realisation of the ideals which inspired the authors of compulsory education; all they did was to make a study of the products of that measure. Instinct, rather than imagination, guided them towards the common denominator of the public mind. Then they set deliberately to work and produced, on the huge scale which meant big profits and quick returns, stories and snippets which had that denominator as their standard.

Their method and their past success are both so well known that they need not be discussed in detail; what is not so widely appreciated is the essential weakness of the method. To reach the common denominator involves a certain sacrifice. It means that character has to be subdued, if not eliminated; it means that nobody's susceptibilities in religion, morality, politics, social customs, or anything else, are to be offended or even touched. Critics need not wonder how the publications of these firms come to be so vapid and so inane: their editors are compelled to choose what is innocuous, and in doing so they smooth away every touch of individuality from the stuff they publish. It stands to reason that very few writers are able to turn out work to please the million and yet display strong personal features. Among the few are Conan Doyle and W. W. Jacobs, whose stories are appreciated by more or less critical minds and are yet enjoyed by the multitude. If there were more of such writers, and if their popularity was self-renewing, the cult of the common denominator might be permanently successful. But because they are exceptional, and because their power of appeal is bound to wane in time, the editor of this type of literature cannot rely upon them to give vitality to the insipid rubbish which forms the bulk of his publications. He is bound to fall back upon sensationalism and upon the most superficial gossip about prominent people and events.

It is possible that, in his effort to reach the widest possible audience, he has keyed down the quality of his material to too low a pitch. It is even possible that

public taste has improved a little since the days when huge circulations were easily obtained for publications of deliberately trashy character. The horizon of the average man and woman is certainly wider than it was when these publications were started; and the widening has brought a greater variety of interests into his life. It is difficult to believe that even the most primitive minds would not be sickened in time by the mixture of cheap sugar and spice with which they were fed. But apart altogether from the question of a slight reaction in public appreciation, the prosperity of the cheap magazine has been affected by competition. The widening interests referred to have been stimulated and represented by daily and weekly newspapers. Most of these journals appeal to exactly the same people; they also, apart from political elements, belong to the common denominator class. But they deal with important and exciting events in all parts of the world; they force attention to political and social problems in which every worker or householder is interested; they are actual; and they provide all-important information day by day on the subject of sport. Their appeal is, therefore, far more direct than that of any conceivable magazine. And to make their competition more serious, they publish stories and magazine articles and pictures. The result is that a man or woman will find, in daily or Sunday journals, all that his weekly pennyworth used to provide, and a great deal more.

Against this rivalry the old weekly budgets of reading matter seem to have no weapon. Even the device of competitions, once so valuable in building up popularity, has lost its power. It is well known that the circulation of these journals is not nearly so great as it used to be; and we may be quite sure that every advertising method has been tried to bring them back to their old position. Their proprietors, however, labour under the difficulty that the cost of advertising and also of distributing becomes relatively greater as the circulation falls. The expense of obtaining advertisements for their columns also increases. These circumstances, combined with the general tendency for costs of production to go up, must bring the finance of the journals nearer and nearer to a critical condition.

If we turn to the monthly magazine, which represents a less abysmal type of reading matter, we find the same decay under competition. Twenty odd years ago the magazine was, like the penny weekly journal, the only thing of its kind within the reach of small purses. It had practically a monopoly of the lighter and shorter forms of fiction. It was almost the only form of publication which the majority of people were able to buy to read in trains or to entertain them in an idle hour. A single glance at a modern bookstall will show how radically the situation has changed. The pride of place has been yielded to the sevenpenny reprints of novels, which have ousted even the fourpenny-halfpenny paper-covered editions which struck the first blow at the supremacy of the magazine. There is an obvious difficulty in persuading people to buy a sixpenny magazine when they can obtain, for one penny more, a neatly bound volume which is good enough, in appearance if not in contents as well, to be placed upon a bookshelf.

Competition is, in fact, threatening from above as well as below, and is thus narrowing the field which the older types of "common denominator" literature can hope to claim as their own. The world has moved past them, and they must adapt themselves to the altered conditions or slowly perish. Few people, no doubt (apart from the shareholders) would be sorry to see them perish quickly. But there is more than a financial interest in studying the manner in which—apart from palpable competition—Nemesis is overtaking them. They were established by people who felt contempt, either open or concealed, for the public whose wants they proposed to satisfy. They had not even the ghost of an ideal before them; their object was simply and solely the making of money. And because they determined to appeal to the common herd, they drew their writers and other auxiliaries from the common herd. "For the illiterate, by the illiterate" appeared to be their practical motto, with the result that they offered the public bad stuff badly done. The public took the stuff until it discovered that newspapers and novels were a great deal more entertaining. Those for whom rubbish was carefully and cynically prepared have repaid the debt by recognising that it is rubbish. Perhaps it is now dawning upon the purveyors that material selected by commercially minded young men, without a trace of literary knowledge or discrimination, from a crowd of hacks who have abandoned the last shreds of any literary self-respect they ever possessed, is not a lasting basis of prosperity. The enterprise is cursed in its origin by insincerity and greed: it is therefore damned.

When the situation is carefully analysed by those concerned with it, they will probably come to the conclusion that the search for the common denominator is a mistake. At present their most successful journals are those which appeal to special sections of the public and are conducted by men who have a certain enthusiasm for their subject and a certain measure of respect for their readers. Even the newspapers have found that an element of specialisation is useful, while they seldom descend to the depths of imbecility which their diminishing rivals chose to sound. Further, the fact will be recognised that those publishing ventures which have proved so popular with readers of all classes have been organised by competent literary men. Some of them have actually maintained a decent literary standard; others, not so ambitious, have made a direct bid for general appreciation, but have set before themselves a minimum of workmanship. Sensation and sentiment may be the most prominent ingredients, but they are presented in good form, with an individual touch, and even a feeling of zest. They are not the work of men who are consciously degraded, or who are so far from being writers that they are not aware of descending to the depths. In following such examples it may be necessary for the "common denominator" firms to give up hope of those colossal circulations which were once enjoyed. That hope, however, must be abandoned in any case; and the alternative to slow extinction between the newspaper and the cheap reprint is an attempt to bring a higher grade of talent into operation among the larger groups of readers.

A. GOWANS WHYTE.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS The God of Youth

BY ARTHUR MACHEN

IN the "Ordo Missæ," according to the Latin Rite, the first rubric directs that when the priest is vested he shall enter unto the altar and having made due reverence, signed himself from brow to breast with the sign of the cross, and having invoked the name of the Blessed Trinity, he shall then say:

"I will enter in unto the altar of God."

To which the clerk replies:

"Unto God, that maketh glad my youth."

This is the antiphon of the psalm which follows; the words occur in the psalm itself; they are uttered for the third time when the psalm has been said. And I have often wondered how many of the priests and clerks who say these words daily have formed any precise notion of their true significance. The words and the construction are simple; simple enough for a child to understand; and yet I should be inclined to suppose that nine-tenths of those who speak them and those who hear them spoken read "lætificet" into "lætificavit"—that is, if they think about the matter at all. "Unto God, who made my youth a happy one" is, no doubt, the usual translation in the minds of priests and people. But it is a wrong one; the tense is the present; and therefore the gladness and the youth are supposed to be present also.

Now the age that we live in has fallen into such dismal depths of ineptitude, it has become so destitute of the twin faculties of logic and imagination that when confronted by such phrases as these it is totally unable to realise two facts: the first, that words may mean and do mean strictly and severely what they say, and the second that a simple English or Latin sentence, quite devoid of technicalities or philosophical terms, or pomposities and verbal falbalas of any kind or sort may reveal to the humble the profoundest and most important mysteries of human nature.

And what of these words which I have cited, words which the Missal rubric directs are to be spoken in a clear voice, which are in practice, I am afraid, usually delivered in a low mumble; what do they mean? Priest and clerk may be elderly people; what do they mean by claiming to be still young?

Well, I turn to one of the most splendid odes in the English language—or in any other language for that matter—and find the following:—

The youth, who daily farther out from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended.

At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

But, the poet says later, the man does not, unless he be altogether lost, allow the vision to die and fade. He gives thanks

. . . . for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day:
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;

Uphold us—cherish—three—power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour
Nor man, nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy.
Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

And because of this, says the poet, let us men be united with the joy of the birds, with the young frolic of the lambs, let us lift up our hearts and attune them to "the gladness of the May." Spring, and skipping lambs, and the trilling of birds' voices; these are symbols of youth, eternally renewed, joyous for ever and ever; of youth that dwells in an ageless region; to this region of youth let our hearts be lifted up. Winter without there may be; within let there be an unending spring and skies cloudless for evermore. So, in splendid fashion, has Wordsworth glossed the clerk's response: "Ad Deum, qui lætificat juventutem meam"—and one sees why the tense is present and not past.

And to take another light—incomparably the highest of all lights—upon the sentence, there is the well-remembered text which tells us that if we would enter the Kingdom of Heaven we must become like little children; we must regain the youth that we have lost. I suppose that intellectual laziness and lack of clarity has usually taken this precept to refer to the innocence and ignorance of children; but while the enforced innocence of childhood in certain matters may not be quite out of account in the matter, the real and prerogative sense is altogether deeper and altogether different in its significance. For, it must be noted, that children—save in certain regions of thought and actions—are not ignorant at all; they are, on the contrary, afflicted with all or almost all of the vices of grown men and women; they can be jealous and envious, cruel, revengeful and contemptible with the best of us; and those who have the care and upbringing of them will readily acknowledge that the task is difficult and responsible and anxious in a very high degree.

And I cannot think that ignorance, qua ignorance, can ever be a quality of perfection. Every man has to learn the art of ignoring all sorts of sciences and arts which are not his business. The violinist and the pianist would not be well advised if they coarsened up their fine muscles and ruined their delicate touch by learning how to dig and how to pick oakum; and because of the manifold imperfections of human nature, it were better for many of us if we ignored physical science, or almost ignored it. But there is a great distinction between this deliberate and proposed setting of a subject aside and the mere untried and unresolved nescience of childhood; between him who sees a road and chooses not to follow it, and the

blind man who sees no road at all. We may conclude, then, that it is not the innocence and ignorance of children which are propounded for our imitation; their desirable quality must be sought elsewhere.

Where? Surely in that faculty of clear and splendid vision of which Wordsworth speaks; that faculty of seeing things in their true light; that is, in the light of immortality and eternity. A week or two ago I was talking to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, the last survivor of Charles Dickens's literary friends, and he told me, not at all to my astonishment, that the one subject to which the master recurred was the days of his youth; the storehouse, as Mr. Fitzgerald wisely added, from which Dickens drew continually all his literary treasures. The actuality which he saw in those tens and twenties of the nineteenth century was ugly, squalid and deplorable, and he reports that which he had seen faithfully enough. Do not let us be with those foolish ones who talk of Dickens as a mere fantasist, as a man wholly untrue to life; let us, if we begin to hold these vain doctrines, read the chapter which tells how Little Dorrit came into the world, thanks to the ministrations of Dr. Haggage and Mrs. Bangham:—

"The flies trouble you, don't they, my dear?" said Mrs. Bangham. "But p'raps they'll take your mind off it, and do you good. What between the buryin' ground, the grocer's, the waggon stables, and the paunch trade, the Marshalsea flies gets very large. P'raps they're sent as a consolation, if we only know'd it. . . . And you a-crying, too?" said Mrs. Bangham, to rally the patient more and more. "You! Making yourself so famous! With the flies a-falling into the gallipots by fifties!"

Hardly, I think, a rose-pink and tinsel picture seen under limelight; rather actuality—commonly miscalled realism—of the grimmest and sternest kind; and Dickens is full of such ugly actualities. You can smell the noisome London reek of the lodgings which Dick Swiveller occupied.

Well, paunches and prisons and the flies that bred in them, and the back streets of Camden Town, and every kind of penury and ugly squalor were the facts of the universe chiefly present to the eyes of the young Charles Dickens; and these things his clear vision turned into "Pickwick"; he saw in things mortal their shining part of immortality. "Qui lætificat juventutem meam," he might have said in thanksgiving as the shapes of his youth rose before him, clad in vestments squalid; and yet splendid and shining and immortal.

The truth is that to childhood and youth the universe is presented under the form of a great hieroglyph or page of hieroglyphs. Most of us forget the shapes and mysterious figures that amazed us and awed us and thrilled us as the sun of our young lives rose bright and glorious above the dark wood or the high mountain, and cast a mystic, holy, and terrible glow and radiance upon all the mighty circle of the world, even to its flaming and tremendous walls. Most of us, I say, forget the majesty that shone about the tree and glinted from the heart of the rose and flickered even from the dull heart of common stocks and stones. Most of us have forgotten, but a few have still remembered, and these we are con-

tent to name men of genius. These are they that continually do cry, either to other:

Introibo ad altare Dei.

Ad Deum, qui lætificat juventutem meam.

It was Hazlitt who said that a man of genius spends his life in trying to show people what he understood himself when he was eighteen; in other words, the man of genius is he who has the secret of perpetual youth and of the interpretation thereof.

But, what, it will be asked, is the application of these doctrines to priest and clerk and mass, to the matter of religion? Simply this: that the object and perfect goal propounded by the faith is to make all men, in a sense, men of genius. The truly religious man must become like a little child and dwell in a perpetual youth; he must be a seer of visions, and finally of that vision of visions, which is named Beatific. It is vulgarly believed that the purpose of religion is to make men good, and this is an intolerable error, the fruitful source of false arguments and false conclusions. The pure in heart, we are told, are blessed, for they shall see God; they are to gaze on eternal Reality and Immortal Beauty; their purity of heart is the necessary means to an end desirable above all things; hence their blessedness.

In fact, it is the mission of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church to make us all partakers of the poetic vision, of that vision which is the fount and origin of all poetry. It is a pity that this truth is not more firmly and constantly held by our appointed teachers; if it were we should hear less of discourses which, in the phrase of one of Scott's characters, are but a dry clatter of morality, which, in truth, are the senile babblings of old age—not of that unfading and glad youth which alone is worthy to enter *in altare Dei*.

The Content of a Lyric

PEOPLE who have never attempted the task of making a lyric (and there are still a few) and those who have tried, but who have forgotten their endeavours (a much greater number), are wont to think that the writer of a lyric is one of the company of angels who can dance upon the point of a needle. He is esteemed for an ability to pirouette like a dancer upon the extremity of thought. His Pegasus is commended for a supposed likeness to the performing horse at a circus. Or the rapid movement of his wings gives the beholder afar off the illusion that he is able to remain motionless in the void. There are dull auditors who believe that, better than a windy orator, he is able to say nothing in many words.

All delusions have some sort of reason for their existence. Falsehoods, especially "those of the largest size," would die a natural death but for a germ of truth. The belief that lyrics are "airy nothings" has this germ. The perfect lyric so successfully aspires to the condition of music that everything seems to become subordinate to the sheer ravishment of rhythm. Matter appears almost immaterial; the right feeling everything.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey and a no, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

After that the lyricist may go on to gibberish if only he sustain the delightful measure. Youth, love, and the spring-time tuned to such a pipe, who would not sing? Song it really is; for the word lyric, as we now use it, implies poetry which is entirely self-sustained; and though the boundaries of every art must remain indefinable, except to the artist, right feeling (which is a polite name for criticism) becomes aware of a change when one art has passed its own borders and is dependent upon the hospitality of another. Without the aid of actual music, Shakespeare's song is not complete, using the word in the sense that nothing is complete that may be bettered. Since Shakespeare thought this, who are we that we should presume an opinion?

So to return to the original question. May a lyric be stated in the terms, nothing reduced to infinity?

One of the charms of poetry is that it is not susceptible of proof other than by example. In the school of poesy, so long as you please the other fellows, you may break all the rules, and it is the growling pedagogue and not you who will be expelled.

Let us therefore take the first example that comes to mind—Shelley's "Lines to a Skylark." In point of sheer matter, what are its elements? The blithe spirit, heaven or near it, the song, the flight, a cloud of fire, the blue sky, sunset, an embodied joy, twilight, a star, moonlight, the dawn, the moon passing a single cloud, a rain-bow, a shower of sunlit rain, a poet, a high-born maiden, a palace tower, music, a glow-worm, a dell of dew, a rose. There is the rough and incomplete inventory of rather less than half the poem. Here, indeed, is "God's plenty"! The analysis will have sufficed to show the essential truth that a fine lyric is not the product of a poverty-stricken intellect. Moreover, when we have finished our disintegrating and murderous business, and re-read the whole poem, it stands the lyric test of conveying one impression. Clearer than if we had actually heard the lark, we have the enriched sensation of perfect listeners. We feel as though Shelley puts a girdle round the earth and flies to the highest peak of heaven, returning to dower his tiny bird with the accumulated riches—every gem of fancy, every tenuous chain of thought fashioned into perfect fitness to adorn the object of his worship. Nay, rather, it is as though he draws into his prism all the unblemished beams of sun and moon, and in their supernal light reveals the sublime truth. He achieves his own miracle of expression, "the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth."

If anyone still doubts that the lyric entails the expenditure of great wealth, and has a vague idea that it may be achieved by the vacant mind in fond pursuit of wandering fancies, let him study the handiest anthology, and consider what manner of men were those whose names he will most often meet. He will find that, almost without exception, they are among those whom the world has acknowledged as forming its intellectual aristocracy.

Meanwhile let us take another and simpler instance:

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise!
Arise, arise!

Every line contains a fresh image. Heaven and earth are not enough! It is as prodigal as Nature; and yet when we have appreciated the value of every word and allowed the whole to form its dominant impression, what remains? We forget the lark, Phœbus, the steeds, the springs, the chaliced flowers, even the lady sweet, and are conscious of one thing only—the sensation of dawn. We recognise at once the expectancy, the virgin freshness, the impalpable sense of coming light associated in our minds with the breaking of day. This lyric is perfect thought wedded to perfect feeling, hence the real sense impression. The lively consciousness which went to the making of this lyric was what Keats longed to sustain when he cried, "O for a life of sensations!" To convey this, the veritable knowledge, the poet pours out heaped treasure. It is this divine generosity which makes a poem virtuous.

Style in literature may be compared to taste in the art of spending. Just as in life, the world never admires those who cultivate that art too closely; so in letters the too precious soon seem miserly. There is something of the spendthrift about a good lyric poet. Though never vulgar, he is always lavish.

If this be true, does he ever go bankrupt? Unfortunately it is a very common experience. But the Muse is not like the High Court. She does not suspend discharges. He who recently struggled with beggary may, without borrowing, rightfully prove a royal host to-day. Instances abound. We have only to examine Keats's last sonnet to find that, though he started an "inspired millionaire," he became bankrupt before he reached the tenth line.

No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast

is indigence itself compared with

Bright star, I would be steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night.

Even Milton, rich beyond the dreams of avarice, failed for an enormous sum when, having written

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold,

he was reduced to

that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe,

as who might not after such an opening? Liberality on such a scale would have brought Cræsus to penury! Wordsworth had a way of calling his creditors together pretty frequently, while Browning seems to have had difficulty in writing drafts fast enough. Magnanimity

is the very soul of Shelley. Keats, on the other hand, may at times be suspected of previous hoarding.

When we feel we have long been slaves to our loves, it is interesting to exercise the liberty of questioning their beauty half seriously. In such a mood we may examine isolated poems as we might human features. Some have the reserve of keeping back loveliness until they smile. Others charm at first glance, but grow plainer as we gaze. One requires the responsive mood. Another seems ever irreproachably fair. We do not know the moment when Shelley's "Swiftly walk over the western wave," or Corinna's going a-maying seem commonplace. L'Allegro and Il Penseroso will dance at any hour of day or night, but in the wrong place or at the wrong time we may hate the song of the lotus-eaters. Spenser asks for fair days and bowered seclusion, but Meredith and Francis Thompson are surely not impossible in the Tube. The expression on the face of Milton's sonnet to his wife seems at first too cold, too austere for love; but our breath is bated as we read that tremendous last line:

I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

We may wonder whether, after all, the Philistines are not right when we first see William Bond. Certainly it is as true of Blake as of Wordsworth that

You must love him ere to you
He shall seem worthy of your love.

Perhaps only the lover would see the intense light shining in Blake's great eyes, even when he says:

I thought Love lived in the hot sunshine,
But, oh, he lives in the moony light!
I thought to find Love in the heat of day,
But sweet Love is the comforter of night.

Not everyone hears the note of tenderness in the lines beginning,

Little lamb, who made thee?

or the sound of the trumpet in

Prepare, prepare the iron helm of war

just as an unpractised ear will fail to catch the music of the speaking voice. The features of this lady may even seem unworthy to you. That will not stay unlikeness from growing enamoured of its contrariety.

The society of a good lyric (and really is not one good lyric a magnificent companion for a whole evening?), like the company of a human being, varies exceedingly. One friend will burst in upon you and spend the whole of his wit in ten minutes, seeming deadly dull after a couple of hours. The conversation of another will glow gradually like the fire of an anvil. Similarly with poems. Shakespeare's Sonnet LXV, Gray's Elegy, Burns's "Ye flowery Banks," and Browning's "O to be in England" drag badly after happy greetings. Every reader may be trusted to recall examples of this kind of thing for himself; and of the converse, those that grow more and more expressive, we will only mention Marvel's to his coy mistress, Wordsworth's "She dwelt among the untrodden ways," Keats's "Ode to Melancholy," Shelley's "Adonais," and Tennyson's "St. Agnes' Eve."

Poetry makes a fair touchstone. The character of a friend may be determined by his taste in lyrics. If he be a great reader, and yet show indifference to little glories, we may legitimately doubt his right to apprise the overwhelmingly beautiful. The man who considers the best lyrics "elegant trifles" is either a dull dog or a personage with a swelled head. For in poetry, as in nature, riches are not esteemed by virtue of their sheer amount, and he who cannot see wonder in a daisy will rhapsodise to deaf ears before the splendours of a sunset. Shelley knew

The spirit of the worm beneath the clod
In love and worship blends itself with God.

So did Francis Thompson.

Nature is whole in her least things exprest,
Nor know we with what scope God builds the worm.
Or lyric, we might add.

MAX PLOWMAN.

Eton Again*

IN August we reviewed Sir Maxwell Lyte's last edition of the "History of Eton College." In Mr. Nevill's book the history, though not disregarded, is less prominent, but there are anecdotes and memories enough to render it more bright and amusing. There is a charm in all books on Eton written by Etonians: based, perhaps, on a cool assumption of indisputable superiority, reflecting "the spirit of manly independence and splendid unconscious happiness which the genius of the place seems to have the gift of bestowing." In Mr. Nevill's opinion, the absence of bullying "in a great measure accounts for the independent and buoyant spirit which has ever been a characteristic of Etonians in after-life." There can be no question of the affection felt by its alumni present and past, for their school, an affection which, as Mr. Nevill admits, does not always commend their collective company and conversation to men educated elsewhere. But if our author carries on the tradition which "has become almost a second religion," he holds himself free to criticise with no unsparing hand: not being a hidebound *laudator temporis acti*, he writes scathingly of the so-called restoration of the College chapel at a cost of over £20,000 in 1847, "in reality it was no restoration at all—merely a terrible act of vandalism, only exceeded in lack of taste by etc., etc.," and, again, "the indiscriminating restoration, including the destruction of much admirable woodwork."

In his opinion, two other great artistic mistakes have been committed within the last 70 years: the renovation of the College Hall, in which it is conceded a number of interesting features were obliterated, and the erection of the Eton Memorial Hall, in honour of the Etonians who fell in the South African War of 1899-1902—a deplorable contest, he calls it: he condemns the Hall as a huge and incongruous building, the whole aspect and style of which are utterly out of keeping with

* "Floreat Etona: Anecdotes and Memories of Eton College." By Ralph Nevill. Macmillan and Co. 15s. net.)

its surroundings. Nor are his strictures confined to Eton. He inveighs against the "restoration" in 1863 of the venerable curfew tower of Windsor Castle, "now for some 48 years disfigured by a roof so monstrous in its ugliness that it stands forth as a surpassing and convincing proof of our national lack of artistic taste. . . . So it is that in this country, in spite of much meaningless gush and prattle of education and appreciation of art, almost every fine monument is by degrees vulgarised and destroyed." His views may be noted, but there is presumably another side in each case.

No opportunity of commending manliness and abusing namby-pambyism is lost by Mr. Nevill. The rough old times formed "an era when the sickening cant of humanitarianism, born of luxury and weakness, had not yet arisen to emasculate and enfeeble the British race." Hysterical sentimentalism is his aversion: he declines to discuss the "absurd agitation of so-called humanitarians for the suppression of the beagles at Eton." A description of the pleasures of the old Montem festival, abolished after 1844, invokes an attack on "those hawk-eyed commercial gamblers who, calling themselves business-men, dominate the modern world," and, again, "the chilling force of that utilitarian commercialism which has since dominated the country." The good old customs of fagging, fighting, and flogging furnish numerous anecdotes, many of which have done duty in previous books on Eton. Fagging, never abused, has shrunk to a mere nothing. It was so old a joke to send a green newcomer up to Windsor for a pennyworth of pigeon's milk, or to the booksellers for a map of the undiscovered islands, or elsewhere for a hot-water ice, that nobody was ever deceived. The most tragic fight on record took place in February, 1825, between a small boy, Francis Ashley (not Ashley Cooper), a son of Lord Shaftesbury, who, after a fight of over two hours with a bigger boy, succumbed in the night to his injuries. Ashley had been stimulated by his elder brother with half-a-pint of brandy. Dr. Keate made some manly remarks, blaming the upper boys on the occasion.

Mr. Nevill will find a fuller account of the fight in Milnes Gaskell's Eton book published in 1883. Fighting disappeared, not "because the fellows funk each other," but when it was branded as bad form and began to be considered "skuggish," an objection strong enough to influence any doubtful customs. Flogging was Dr. Keate's forte, his panacea for all offences. If it was another headmaster who flogged the whole eleven for playing a prohibited cricket match on Hounslow Heath, it was Keate who flogged ninety boys one night for insubordination; "who had flogged half the ministers, secretaries, bishops, generals, and dukes of the present century," as Mr. Collins wrote in his *Etoniana*; who said to the boys, "Remember, you are to be pure in heart, or I'll flog you till you are." When a luckless lad, having to construe Horace's great line, "Exegi monumentum ære perennius," rendered it, "I have eaten a monument harder than brass," the Doctor observed, "Oh, you have, have you? Then you'll stay afterwards, and I'll give you something to digest it," and he did. On another occasion he flogged, by mistake, as offenders, boys whose names had been sub-

mitted to him on paper as candidates for confirmation. Notwithstanding his severity he was popular and cheered by the boys. But others also could flog. Joynes, as Lower Master, once gave a boy thirty-two strokes, received without flinching. Dr. Goodford is said to have taken a genial view of this form of punishment. One morning he swished a boy who was coming to breakfast with him, and greeted him later on at that meal with a cheery, "Here we are again!"

Mr. Nevill agrees with the explanation which we previously offered for the notorious difficulties in inducing the majority of boys to study at Eton. The "leaven of indolence" which permeates the school results from the presence of so many youths who, as sons of rich parents, know that they will have no necessity to work for their livelihood. It certainly cannot be said that the traditions are very favourable to learning: the masters, now numbering sixty-five, are handicapped by fundamental difficulties, not easy to surmount. It is something that much less idleness seems now to prevail, and the masters of to-day appear to possess more influence with the boys than was the case in the past. Mr. Nevill records his view that of late years the authorities have made real progress in their efforts to convert "an Eton education" into more of a reality. If more control is exercised over the boys in minor matters, there is evidence that they are still allowed plenty of liberty, which formerly was likely to degenerate into licence. An outsider cannot fail to be struck with the numerous allusions to possible indulgence in alcohol, formerly too common, "copious libations of champagne," the long glass, Tap, the Christopher Inn, money spent in drink, dinners with toasts, Bacchanalian feasts, old drinking customs, the tent where beer and baccy were the order of the day, afternoons passed in the consumption of much tobacco and some alcohol, the punishments for excesses. Much improvement has been effected, and the healthy tone of the school will do more. There are indications that the cult of athleticism (though still formidable) is not so universal as formerly. "Of late years a more satisfactory state of affairs has prevailed, not a few prominent athletes and oarsmen having shown considerable capacity."

Mr. Nevill has succeeded well in providing entertainment: he has occasionally repeated himself; for instance, about the consumption of almonds and raisins in Chapel (as "sock"), and the stalls allotted to the young noblemen, in the references to the Marquis Wellesley (not of Wellesley), and the allusions to Trotman's gardens. He has also made some small mistakes connected with the names of Dr. Balston, Arthur Balfour, Blake-Humfrey, and Lord Curzon, which he can easily verify. His references to many distinguished Eton men range from the Duke of Wellington to Lord Roberts, from Lord Rosebery (who was believed as a boy to have taken the daily "Times" and to have read it) to Greenhall the highwayman, who was captured, hanged, and dissected. Among his omissions may be noticed the name of the younger Jobey, who ran so effective a drag for the beagles that, in the words of a contemporary poet: "There was no need of aniseed, When Jobey tripped it o'er the mead."

REVIEWS

Music and Nationalism

Music and Nationalism: A Study of English Opera. By CECIL FORSYTH. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.)

THE soul of Mr. Cecil Forsyth is vexed when he reflects that Great Britain has produced no great composers of opera, and that we have, in London and our great cities, no National English Opera-houses to which "The People" may nightly flock, as it does in France, Italy, and Germany. His country has been splendid in the production of great men, he says, in every branch of human activity save one, that is the art of music. Why is she unable to show long lists of illustrious musicians like her neighbours? We confess to thinking that his patriotism is a little too warm when he includes British painters among those whose "iron will, far-seeing wisdom, and incarnate imagination place them above and in front of their European contemporaries," and does our roll of sculptors include any great name besides that of Stevens? But we agree as to Mr. Forsyth's main proposition, and are glad that his ponderings over his country's musical deficiencies should have led him to an inquiry into the cause. His primary intention being to write a book about English opera, he was led to a consideration of the deterrent forces which have operated against it, and so to the larger question of the relation between Nationalism and Music; in other words, he wishes to discover why one nation has developed the musical art more than another, and has done so more successfully at one period than another. His solution of the problem is highly ingenious, and provocative of thought, even if we cannot accept it as completely convincing.

His argument seems, briefly, to be this: Nations which occupy themselves in what he calls "exteriorisation," which are concerned in making a bid for "world power" rather than in settling and consolidating their own affairs of the interior, have been, as he thinks is shown by history, sterile in the production of music. But they become instantaneously fertile when they "sit within their own borders, their backs, as it were, turned to their frontiers, and their eyes turned inwards." For, "the musician depends for his creative impulse on his inner self," and "vast projections of the national mind" (in the direction of territorial expansion, etc.) "act as a deterrent upon him." The history of Rome up to the discovery of America, and that of England since Elizabeth, afford vivid illustrations of his theory. There were no musicians when Europe was an "armed camp" under the power of Rome, nor in the period of "blood and fire" which lasted until A.D. 1000. But Rome "changes her unsuccessful Cæsar for a subtle, successful Pope," bent on universal spiritual and political power, and although Italy leads the world in painting and the other arts, she is still unmusical.

Other nations turn to look in upon themselves; the first and greatest of all developments in musical history—the discovery of Discant—is made in this vague time, and the seed of music takes root in England and in Flanders. England, learning to

develop her interior life, produces a school of musicians until 1337, when the 100 years' war put an end to it. But it revives, and is one of England's glories until the discovery of America makes England an Empire-seeking nation. The peaceable Flemings are the only musicians during the period of aggressive wars. They live and work at Rome, which, owing to her continued assumption of ecclesiastical world power, is unable to produce a musician of her own. From 1492, however, the date of the discovery of America, the Netherlands and England become colonising nations, and music consequently leaves them. Italy, on the contrary, becomes a prey to the Spaniard, enters upon a period of artistic and political decline, when, lo! Palestrina appears, first on the magnificent roll of Italian composers! "By the compensations of Fate, the nations who were forbidden to share in the new dominion of the world, were granted the privilege of expressing it in musical art." We are invited, also, to consider that France, the most unsuccessful of the nations who have sought world-power, has always maintained a continuous school of music, characteristically French; and "the striking effect of the segregation of Central Europe from 1500 to 1870, and her complete ignorance of the change which was taking place from land to sea power." If Mr. Forsyth has indeed hit upon the right cause, the Teutonic school of music was certainly a "striking effect."

We have given the barest outline, or rather indication of the trend of this remarkable, and to us, entirely new, theory of the conditions which govern the course of music's development. We trust we have stated it fairly. Mr. Forsyth would not appear to be a professed historian, but he has looked into European history, and marshalled his facts in support of his case with clearness and skill. Whether he convinces us by his explanation of the existence of a vigorous National School of Music in England during the sixteenth century (and may we not say it existed until the time of Purcell?), the period when England was preparing for the foundation of her world-wide Empire, we hesitate to say; and we would not have said that France under Louis XIV, and Prussia under Frederick the Great, were "interiorising" nations, "sitting within their own borders, their backs turned to their frontiers, and their eyes turned inwards." If our author means to limit his argument in the later period to the contrast between the sea-going countries and the rest, then his reasoning from the Plantagenet wars, and the Papal activity is irremediably weakened.

The chapters in which Mr. Forsyth studies English opera contain much that is interesting, as well as a good deal that we should venture to criticise, had we space to do so. When he says that: "No composer has ever emerged into world-speech except through his own dialect," we know what he means to say, and agree with him. But when he betrays his prejudices in such a sentence as this: "... the dense-headed aristocratic classes who preferred, and who still prefer, mental fog in Italian to sunshine in English," we are less inclined to trust him as our guide. Borrowing one of his illustrations, we will say that it seems to us that the British race will never come to care for opera as the Italians care, any more than that the Italians will some day learn to play

cricket as their national pastime. If we have indeed come to the end of our career as a colonising nation, and are going to produce a Mozart, a Verdi, or a Wagner, no doubt we shall be eager (for a time) to go and hear their operas, but as to that, we must wait and see. It is the first part of Mr. Forsyth's book, in which he gives us so much that is new to think about, that we have enjoyed reading, and which we cordially recommend to thoughtful lovers of music. It is all written in a vivacious style—perhaps it suffers from the kind of vivacity by which it is characterised; it gives an extensive bibliography of English opera; there is a good index; and there is a great deal about Mr. Thomas Beecham and his schemes.

Hindu Mythology

Stories of Indian Gods and Heroes. By W. D. MONRO, M.A. (G. C. Harrap and Co. 5s. net.)

THIS book is one of a number of volumes of "Stories," selected and retold by the compilers from original sources; the literatures of various countries and ages have been indented upon for the series. Though it is apparently intended for the instruction of young persons, it is worthy of the notice of anyone who cares to know, in a general way, something of the great works which have for thousands of years provided the mental pabulum of generations of Hindus. The scholar may pursue the study of the Hindu scriptures for his own purposes—whether to gain a knowledge of the language or to examine the religion or manners and customs of remote times—but the general reader will soon be satisfied with such specimens as this book contains. These stories have been culled from the Hindu Vedas, the Epics (the Mahabharata and Ramayana), and the Puranas, three groups of the scriptures believed to have been composed in the long period of 2500 years, from 1500 B.C. to A.D. 1000, during which the Sanskrit language was being formed by gradual transition from its earliest forms to its latest developments as now stereotyped.

In all this literature there are, as Mr. Monro observes, three remarkable points to be noticed, which affect its value, though in some respects enhancing its interest. The original works are either properly religious or saturated with religious ideas, "Gods and demons, prayers and sacrifices, appear everywhere." The intense religious feeling of the Indians of all races and creeds is well known: it would be hard to say whether it is the cause, or the effect, of the spirit of the literature. Though the mass of the Hindu population worship their deities and perform their religious ceremonies after traditional methods, they know absolutely nothing, as Mr. Monro states, of the contents of the Vedas. But if this statement is true of the mass, there are many educated persons at the headquarters of Hinduism perfectly capable of giving chapter and verse for their faith and everything connected with it.

The next point is that the literature almost entirely lacks anything worthy of the name of history, though there may be a foundation of truth underlying both the

Epics, and possibly some parts of the Puranas, religious poems "from which the real religion of the modern Hindu is drawn." The same point has been taken before with regard to other Epics, but in default of better evidence the Epics are the best, or only, substitute available in the place of history. In the preface to their translation of the Odyssey, Butcher and Lang wrote "The Epics are, in a way, and as far as manners and institutions are concerned, historical documents." Lastly, Mr. Monro dwells on the *exaggeration*, characteristic of Indian writings, a feature "without parallel in any literature of similar extent." Macaulay noticed the same tendency in his great Education Minute of 1835, when he wrote of Indian History as "abounding with kings thirty feet high and reigns 30,000 years long, and geography made up of seas of treacle and seas of butter." Sir Alfred Lyall has also referred to the Indian's incapacity for accuracy.

Such stories of the Indian Gods and Heroes as those contained in this book are, therefore, very illustrative of the Indian genius, affording it ample scope for imagination and discursive treatment of large themes. They are not only full of religious ideas, but they inculcate moral principles enforced by examples; such as, for instance, "what can be achieved by steadfast perseverance in the face of every obstacle," the fruits of "patient endurance of adversity," the fidelity of woman under severe trials, the chivalry of man, bravery and skill in war, sagacity in counsel, "devotion to duty and to the welfare of subjects," nobility of mind, reverence for age, sanctity, and the sovereign, the triumph of virtue and the discomfiture of vice. The two lengthy Epics, of 60,000 and 210,000 lines respectively, are full of diversions (called side-shows by Mr. Monro) which bring out these principles by precept and action. The names of the gods, as of the heroes and heroines, will at first be found strange and repellent, but they soon become familiar, and not all of them are difficult. As Mr. Monro admits, there is no hero in the stories so interesting as Odysseus or Rustem, and the stories can never supplant the tales familiar to English childhood. But they will open the mind of the reader, young or older, to the existence of another literature and of ideas of other climes and ages. The illustrations have an Oriental appearance and help considerably to the appreciation of the stories.

As Others See Us

My Idealized John Bullesses. By YOSHIO MARKINO. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 6s. net.)

IN his introduction Mr. Markino is very indignant with some of the Western people. He is not content with being himself received as a very welcome guest in our country; we must like and embrace his whole nation. There must be no "West is West and East is East," as he puts it, and as for the idea of the "Yellow Peril," he pathetically tells us that it hurts his heart. He assures us that as a "little kid" he could never get away from the portrait of an English girl given to his father by a Dutch officer, and hung in his childhood's home.

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"The men and women, young and old, rich and poor, all of them worshipped this picture." A criticism of this statement, when it first appeared in the "English Review," pointed out that it was a refutation of the theory held by Professor Karl Pearson to the effect that the human instinct unconsciously obeys the law of "like to like." "Some so-called scientists stupefy people," bitterly laments our Japanese friend.

I have not read Professor Pearson's Book yet, and I shall never read it either, for I hate reading books.

. . . I am so astonished that there are many people who do nothing but follow after the theory of a few books which they have read, and they ignore the true facts which are before their eyes.

Thus speaks the artist, and it is the chapters dealing with art, and all appertaining to art, that are the best in the book.

From the life spent by the children in Kensington Gardens our author passes on to the great love of sport inherent in English men and women. It is not until we read a criticism of ourselves and our manners that we at all understand how very strange they may appear to a foreigner. Tradition and custom have so much to do with the characteristics of nations and individuals that it is quite good and even necessary to have a little kindly searchlight thrown on our habits now and again. And the instrument in this case is handled in so gentle and steady a manner that the most sensitive and shrinking John Bullless can be quite certain that the rays will not scorch or even make her blink. When a lad in Japan, Mr. Markino's idea of the English dance from a moral point of view was similar to that held by the two American missionaries who came to England a few years ago to "convert" our backsliding people.

A fourteen years' residence in the country of the John Bullesses has convinced him that a ball is not a degrading, but a healthy, spectacle. Perhaps after a few more years spent in the fogs and mists of this Western Island he will emerge to the truth that the abolition or alteration of laws and "Votes for Women" will not do away with unkindness and crime, and that it is sometimes necessary in the interests of the many to temper the help that might spontaneously be rendered to relieve the sufferings of the few.

Mr. Markino thinks that the difference between the arts of the two nations (England and Japan) shows clearly the differences of the two peoples: that whereas the English study the effect a picture is going to present as a whole, the Japanese pay so much attention to each separate detail that the whole painting is often out of all reasonable proportion. He carries this simile to account for the carelessness of some of his John Bullesses' friends with regard to their toilet. Our charming young friend has many privileges, but he must be careful. Not all English women will confess to smearing lamp-black on a white lining to hide "a bit unstitched," or that they are held together in the region of the waist with "two dozen pins." But he shows so sincere a heart in all he relates, and is so joyful and happy with all his friends, that we are quite certain that not one of them will like him a whit the less for putting them in his book, both in the text and the dainty illustrations.

The Rise of the Coburgs

The Coburgs: The Story of the Rise of a Great Royal House. By EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.)

IN several of the books that Mr. d'Auvergne has written it has not always been possible to say that they have not been merely compilations. He has, we must confess, had his subject—a subject not of much consequence to anyone—that he has set the task of filling in. We are not blaming Mr. d'Auvergne. Indeed, to a man of his historical reading to be compelled to do such work, by the cheap voracity of the majority of readers, must be a highly distasteful task. In the present book, for example, one can see the process at work. It is clear that the first thought has been the making of a volume for library readers; but Mr. d'Auvergne also shows himself a historical student of considerable reading, with a native wit that, if it is sometimes crude, does, at any rate, give an edge of sanity to his studies of princely persons. There is enough reading in this book to have produced a historical monograph of considerable import, since it is obvious that the author has his mind well stocked with the comparative history of most of the European countries, though chiefly those south of the Rhine.

The sub-title that Mr. d'Auvergne uses is "The Story of a Great Royal House." As he says in his preface, "It is the Coburgs who have made monarchy respectable. Before their time the king's trade seemed fit only for gilded libertines and gloomy tyrants. Leopold of Belgium and Albert of England changed all that. They introduced middle-class standards into the palace. They were excellent husbands and fathers, and showed the bourgeois that a king could be a respectable married man as well as he." One must, we suppose, therefore consider that Fate was in business to purify Europe, to set Europe in the ways of cleanliness and rightness, when she pressed the Coburgs out of obscurity into the light of the sun. The account that Mr. d'Auvergne gives in his opening chapter of the little old-world duchy in Thuringia is sufficient in itself to make one realise how obscure their origin was—however important it may have seemed to them. And the fact that he traces them actually on to the thrones of England, Belgium, to the Tsardom of Bulgaria, to the imperial chair of Mexico, not to speak of alliance with half the reigning houses of Europe, seems to indicate that something other than native enterprise was responsible for that continued and amazing success.

The chapters that probably will be read with most interest will be those dealing with the Prince Consort. Indeed, we think that Mr. d'Auvergne would have been well advised if he had not so much dealt with them at greater length than he has done, but made them more of a personal excursus. Everybody knows that the Prince Consort was at first most unpopular; but very few, we imagine, realise what that unpopularity meant. Very few can realise that Army officers and ripe Conservatives not only denounced their Sovereign, but even spoke of the throne as a partisan office, to be abolished by them if necessary. The way in which the Prince Consort won

his way to the national respect, how he even won his wife to the position of love that she held, is told well by Mr. d'Auvergne, though perhaps not quite so fully nor from so personal a standpoint as we could have wished. In fact, all the chapters are good reading. With a family that has established so emphatic an identity with most of the thrones of Europe, to read their history is to become acquainted with the inner history of the nations, at least so far as politics and diplomacy are concerned. And Mr. d'Auvergne has wisely never forgotten this fact. Always through his account of royal persons, great or little, we are permitted to have our finger on the pulse of history; and the consequence is that it is impossible to read this book and not be wiser on much that mattered in the byeways of recent history.

Shorter Reviews

English Episcopal Palaces. Edited by R. S. RAIT.
(Constable and Co. 6s. net.)

THIS picturesque work treats of the houses belonging to the sees of the province of York. Mr. N. Niemeyer writes a very good introduction on the London Houses, such as York Place, Durham Place, and others; also on the lesser country manors and the more modern nineteenth-century residences. There are four principal articles on Bishopsthorpe, Rose Castle, and the Castles of Durham and Auckland. Of these by far the best is the learned and exhaustive history of the famous Castle of Durham, by Dr. Gee, now the Master of University College, Durham, whose fellows and students have occupied the great Castle since its transfer in 1836, the work of Bishop Van Mildert, the founder of the University and the last Prince Palatine Bishop.

The several writers, in tracing the strange vicissitudes of the great see houses, tell many lively stories of their occupants, of alterations, of demolitions, of additions, according to varying wealth and tastes: of castles used as strongholds and prisons in the days when bishops were often military feudal lords; of royal residences, or even of palaces lent to kings for a time; of great hospitalities, which gave rise to the terms "archiepiscopal, inn, or hospice," and necessitated the building of those wonderful mediæval kitchens, where gorgeous banquets, sometimes destined to become historical, were prepared on lavish scale. Besides, houses like York Place sometimes maintained no less than 800 functionaries. Such worldly glory has happily departed, though even now it may seem somewhat anomalous for a bachelor archbishop to enter upon a house with nearly one hundred rooms. Many interesting side-lights thrown upon history will be found in these pages; many references to contemporary social life. Not a little appears about the insatiable greed of later Tudor sovereigns—including Elizabeth—for Church property: their huge confiscations, and sometimes their curious deeds and exchanges with prelates. The important value of old account books is constantly shown, as might be expected in tracing the story of ancient buildings, and in noting the changes of successive centuries. Chronicles, State

Papers, Episcopal Registers and Archives, the Lives of the Bishops, the well-known books of the Surtees Society and numerous other works have been ransacked in the compilation of this most interesting record, which is done well, though it is a pity that the illustrations are so limited.

Ida; or The Mystery of the Nun's Grave at Vale Royal in Cheshire. An Historical Novel. By J. H. COOKE. Illustrated. (Mackie and Co., Warrington. 12s. 6d. net.)

THREE hundred subscription copies of this sumptuous volume, consisting of nearly 400 pages, with 34 beautifully executed illustrations, have been issued, and a few remain, which can be obtained from the publishers. All who know and have an affection for the County Palatine, and especially for Vale Royal, should endeavour to possess themselves of the volume. A translation of the chronicle of Vale Royal Abbey is published for the first time, and is full of antiquarian interest. There is a charming legend of the nun "Ida" and the mystery of her grave at Vale Royal, which links up in a most attractive form all the research into the history of the Cistercian monks, which the author—so thoroughly imbued with the romantic associations of the Vale—has assiduously, even reverently, brought together. Two coloured illustrations—namely, "The Vow of Prince Edward, afterwards Edward I," and "The Dedication of Vale Royal Abbey by Edward I," from original glass panels at Vale Royal—are beautifully executed. The curious legend of Over Church, with which those who know Winsford are familiar, finds a place in the volume. The argument of his Satanic Majesty with the monks, and his plea for the recognition of his justice and beneficence in frightening a sinner into making an end of his existence is quite delightful:

"I assist you by demonstrating the terrible result which happens to those who do not heed your words. This man, Barny de Gresford, was not fit to live. I did not want to kill him, but I did want him to kill himself, so I decided to frighten him into doing it, and that is why I determined to carry Over Church away. Now that he is done for I will let down the Church to Mother Earth again. Do not think so badly of me after this; I am only a necessary evil, helping you to carry out your good work."

The villagers awoke to find the church transferred to the secluded valley, near Swanlow Lane, some miles away from the little village of Over.

As was to be expected from a native of Vale Royal, the author has expended considerable research on what has evidently been to him a labour of love, and we offer him our cordial congratulations on the beautiful volume which he has produced.

Edinburgh Revisited. By JAMES BONE. Illustrated by HANS LIP FLETCHER. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 21s. net.)

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IN THE SHADOW OF PA-MENKH

By **DORA LANGLOIS**

DUNLEARY: The Humours of a Munster Town

By **EDMUND DOWNEY**

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO., Ltd., Overly House, 100, Southwark Street, S.E., and Tudor House, 32, Warwick Lane, E.C.

niscences of delightful surroundings when turning over the pages of this charming volume. Printed, as it is, by Ballantyne, Hanson, and Co., it is needless to say that the bold, clear type is a rest and a delight. Over 70 excellently executed illustrations carry our mind back to the glorious time which we spent in the old capital of Scotland's history and romance. The author apologises for following humbly in the footsteps of Stevenson, Alexander Smith, and Robert Chambers. No such apology is necessary for any part of the book. The new ground which the author set himself to explore in "the old town buildings—once the homes of the old Edinburgh gentry, and now tenanted by the very poor," is in itself a sufficient reason for the appearance of the work; but Mr. Bone points out that he has also attempted to express and analyse the beauty and charm of the new town of the Adams, Hamilton, and Playfair. We think the author has admirably succeeded in both of the tasks which he set before himself.

The Book of Simple Delights. By **WALTER RAYMOND**.
Illustrated by **HERBERT COLE**. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 3s. 6d.)

MR. RAYMOND'S delightful little story of a summer holiday spent in an out-of-the-way, old-world village, which first appeared as detached papers in various periodicals, has since gone through three editions in book form, and now comes to us with the added charm of Mr. Herbert Cole's illustrations. It still reads as fresh as ever, and true lovers of the country-side will not be sorry to renew acquaintance with it, or, better still, peruse it for the first time. We came the other day upon a possible explanation of an incident which seemed to puzzle Mr. Raymond. A carter calls for a quart of cider, and saying, "Here's luck!" purposely spills a few drops on the earth before drinking. "Why was that libation cast upon the ground?" asks the author, and he opines that the wasted liquor was offered as a pious rite, the same as had been done by the man's far-away forefathers. Something very similar is done in Morocco at the present day. When there is a wedding among the

Berbers, the bride, on her way to the bridegroom's home, is presented with gifts of figs, beans, barley, etc. She takes a handful of each, and after kissing it, casts it on the ground in order to reap prosperity. In all probability the custom, in one form or another, is a very ancient one.

The Children, and Other Verses. By **CHARLES M. DICKINSON**. (Sampson Low and Co. 5s. net.)

OVER fifty short poems, mostly of a religious or homely nature, are contained in this little volume. Many may be already known to the reader, for not a few have been extensively quoted in newspapers and reviews, school-books and collections of verse, both in this country and in the United States, where they first appeared. One of them, especially, the verses entitled "The Children," should arouse considerable interest at this moment as they are said to have been much admired by Charles Dickens, who would even on occasion recite them; and knowing his fondness for the little ones, the statement may very well be true. Indeed, he has often been credited with the authorship of the verses, and there is an apocryphal story to the effect that the MS. of them was found in his desk after his death. A few years ago the late Charles Dickens the younger wrote in reply to Mr. Dickinson, the real author, that there was no truth in it, and that he had denied it over and over again.

Wit and Wisdom of Lord Tredegar. Illustrated. ("The Western Mail," Cardiff.)

DURING his long and active life Lord Tredegar has had many and often unique opportunities of acquiring wisdom, his wit has come to him naturally and is all his own. The wisdom seasoned by the wit—or should it be the other way about?—he has imparted to all and sundry in some hundreds of public utterances at the varied functions he has attended during over half a century. He has joked and dined with publicans and preached total abstinence to young people; he is equally at home

with Balaclava heroes, of whom he himself is one, and with much-abused cabbies for whom he has shown great sympathy. But Lord Tredegar has always been most in his element among the farmers, and the famous show which bears his name owes entirely to his energy and fostering care the pre-eminent position it at present holds in the world of agriculture. There are plenty of plums to be found in this volume, which we leave the reader, like little Jack Horner, to pick out for himself. Here is just one to whet the appetite: "I should like the suffragettes to marry the passive resisters and go away for a long honeymoon."

Some School Books

How Other People Live. By H. CLIVE BARNARD. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 6d.)

Regional and Practical Geographies: Europe—The British Empire—The British Isles. By DAVID FREW. (Blackie and Son. 6d. each.)

The Association of History and Geography. By A. J. BERRY. (Blackie and Son. 1s. 6d. net.)

Readings in English History from Original Sources. BOOK IV (1688-1837). Edited by R. B. MORGAN and E. E. KITCHENER. (Blackie and Son. 2s. 6d.)

A Play-Book of History. By MRS. A. A. WHIDDINGTON. (Blackie and Son. 1s.)

WE have said in a previous notice that this series issued by Messrs. A. and C. Black provide very interesting and instructive reading for a child. The present book gives clear descriptions of the habits and mode of living of people in various parts of the world. There is just sufficient about each country and its inhabitants to give a clear idea to the young reader as to how other people live, and this is greatly helped by many illustrations.

Mr. Frew's three books on geography are described as "elementary handbooks," and contain a concise account of the countries dealt with. Practical exercises are given at the end of each book.

From a casual glance at "The Association of History and Geography," it does not seem that it is a book of sufficient simplicity for the school-room. It may be that the author intends it for the teacher to read before going to class. Much valuable information may be obtained from it that way, but we are afraid that if given to a child to study by himself he would vote it to be "dry."

"Readings in English History" is a series of essays compiled from reliable sources, and throws many a side-light upon the happenings of the various periods of history.

The children themselves are to re-act the dramas contained in Mrs. Whiddington's book of play-acting. Each drama illustrates an event in English history, and for boys and girls themselves to take part in its presentation is a sure way of impressing it on their memory.

Fiction

Carnival. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. (Martin Secker. 6s.)

ALTHOUGH one may see without great difficulty that the pen that wrote "The Passionate Elopement" is the same that has written "Carnival," yet Mr. Mackenzie has certainly set his train on lines possible of more development in "Carnival" than in his earlier work. His instinct is decorative; consequently his characters are never complex as characters nearly always are in life. To this instinct he gave a free rein in his first book: he rode his nag of fiction gaily on the snaffle: and since in the present book he has attempted to put the curb on this tendency the result is that, although his present method gives greater promise of development, "Carnival" is patchier, much more unequal, and as a whole less satisfactory than "The Passionate Elopement."

Still, the attempt is more ambitious, and that is the great thing. It is clear that Mr. Mackenzie is not content to rank as an author who writes highly saleable, but quite ephemeral, literature. And it is for this reason that we would like to leave praise, qualified or unqualified, on one side, so as to point out that its excellencies and its faults, its one or two violences, in fact, have grown out of the somewhat novel technique he has adopted. The story is that of Jenny Raeburn, the home in the back street in Islington that she was born in and lived in, her desire to break out of that maddening groove, the itch of her feet to dance, her engagement in the ballet of the Orient Theatre of Varieties, her adventures with the would-be "dogs" in nightly attendance at the stage door, her love for that very puzzling person Maurice Avery, who is alternately depicted as wordy and empty and as kindly and full of promise, but who finally leaves her because she will not live with him, the wreckage that this strews about her soul (one of the finest things in the book), her betrayal by a finished and accomplished libertine, who is also an elegant and unmitigated blackguard, her marriage with Zachary Trewhella, who is a Cornish farmer, a lay preacher, a religious agonist, and a gargoyle withal, her visit from Maurice, the jealousy of her husband, and the gunshot that closes her account—not the gunshot of tragedy, for tragedy always exalts, whereas this gunshot depresses.

Steadily throughout the whole account Mr. Mackenzie cleaves fast to Jenny; she never leaves the stage. All the other characters are grouped about her; we are never permitted to enter to the other characters save through her. And that is the point of his method that Mr. Mackenzie has not always seen; that is the secret that he has sometimes missed, with ruin to his book. For example, there are four characters that provide important centres, at different times, for Jenny's life: her mother, Maurice Avery, Jack Danby (the "accomplished rake" who seduced her), and Zachary Trewhella. The first we never see through her daughter's eyes; and consequently Jenny's leaving of home does not capture our sympathy because it seems so inexplicably violent.

With Maurice the author has a clear difficulty. First we see him through Jenny's eyes, and, for all his wordiness, we are kindled to him. In fact, we resent the windy nonsense he talks about art and artists as a flaw in characterisation, or even as a snobbery in Mr. Mackenzie's own opinions. But there is his desertion of Jenny to be prepared for; and consequently Mr. Mackenzie begins to intrude his own sight of Maurice, with the result that Maurice as a person becomes jumbled and confused—he lacks conviction. As for Jack Danby, if Jenny saw him as he is presented to us we are quite convinced that she would never have stayed that night with him at his flat. And for Zachary Trehella? Well, it is obvious that we see him all the time through the eyes of the author. He is absolutely a gargoyle. His name, his religious devotion, his language, the very figure of him, now seen as of ordinary build, now looming large and grotesque—everything indicates him not as a man, but as a gargoyle. In fact, we are seeing him always through Mr. Mackenzie's eyes. But by the technique of the book he is considered as having been seen through Jenny's eyes. So when we find her marrying him—she, London-bred ballet girl, accustomed to suppers with elegants—Sans-Gêne marrying Caliban—why, we stand up in revolt at that, and the whole latter part of the book is ruined for us. And the fault is all one of a new venture in technique without a realisation of its restrictions. Nevertheless, the book is more than worth reading.

Dead Men's Bells. By FREDERICK NIVEN. (Martin Secker. 6s.)

IN quite a different vein from his last volume, Mr. Niven gives us here a comedy—and some tragedy—of adventure in the old days when the western coasts of Scotland were the haunts of ships and men of questionable character; but, if we must confess candidly, we like the first hundred pages, before the adventures begin, better than the story of shipwrecks and fights which the author would probably term the most important part of his book. Up to page 100 the story of the hero's home-life—which is merely a preface to his adventures—is enthralling; the clash of character and temperament is extraordinarily well depicted; and the asides of the hero (he tells the affair in the first person) are full of pithy sentiments and a certain shrewd humour. These occur, of course, in the further progress of his tale, but less frequently, and the relation of the tramp of the shipwrecked crew—a brilliant company!—begins to drag. Here, however, is one of the pleasant interludes:—

I am of the opinion that he who grows round-shouldered in a library reading upon ethics and smiling incredulous at any tale of the world outside, that comes not to him out of a folio, but through some chance visitor who has been away and come home again, is the poorest specimen of man alive. And when he murmurs, "*Sapiens dominabitur astris*," I cannot but smile. Let him shut out the draughts and put flannel round his sore throat, and draw his heavy curtains but a little more sedulously, and suffocate, and cease. I have seen the breed in

Glasgow College for whom life was a footnote to books and not books a footnote to life. These are they who make persecutions.

We should like to have read more of Effie, the cousin, of the jealous, shrewish sister, and of the Calvinistic mother who could never possibly comprehend the rebellious spirit of youth or the "long, long thoughts" of a boy who craved for a wider life than that of the farm. Meanwhile, we are grateful to Mr. Niven for a finely-written story, the first part of which we shall read more than once again.

The Indian Lily. By HERMANN SUDERMANN. Translated by LUDWIG LEWISOHN, M.A. (John Lane. 6s.)

STUDIES of the unpleasant undercurrents of social life form the main feature of this book, though there are one or two quite pretty fantasies threaded between. Most of them have a terrible clarity and a sense of inevitable tragedy, more especially one entitled, "The Song of Death," which tells how love came too late to a woman nursing her invalid husband—came, mercilessly enough, through the murmuring voices of other lovers. Two or three of the sketches remind us of Turgenieff at his best: they tend to a dramatic, intense conclusion in which the drama, however, lies entirely in the mental sphere: one of them, "The Purpose," is frankly repellent. We see no reason for publishing a lengthy account of the endeavours of a faithless wife to get rid of her husband, whether the story be a masterpiece of literary art or not. However, we are grateful for the inclusion of so charming a fancy as "Merry Folk," and the book as a whole presents, we suppose, a picture of German life that cannot be disregarded.

Music

IF our beloved country cannot boast a glorious roll of great composers like Italy and Germany, nor yet a living school of composition equal in success and influence to those of France and Russia, we may at any rate claim that she is doing good work in the production of interpreters of music. We have not yet given birth to a Richter, a Paderewski, a Casals, or an Ysaye, but the average excellence of our executants is high, and some of them get very near indeed to the top of their class. No one who has heard Miss Beatrice Harrison play the violoncello can doubt that she has before her the possibility of being ranked among the most eminent of all violoncellists. She is very young, and experience is necessary to give her greater freedom, perfection of style, and that air which we call "authoritative," but she is already, we understand, hailed by the best judges on the Continent of Europe as a great player, and after hearing her recently at Bechstein Hall, in an admirably chosen programme, we cordially subscribe to their opinion. She is the fortunate possessor of a superb instrument by Peter Guanarius of Venice, and she is.

worthy of it. Now and then she appeared too anxious to show us how great a volume of tone she could produce, and the quality suffered; and sometimes her style was, shall we say, a little self-conscious and wanting in repose. But her musicianship was clear; she has uncommon variety, knowing how to adapt her means to every end; and all she played was approached in a big, broad spirit. Her sister, Miss May Harrison, has been longer before the public, and is widely known as a violinist of unusual accomplishments; we much regretted that we were unable to be present at her recital, as that event took place at the same time that certain new compositions by composers who must be reckoned with were to be played for the first time. Of Sir Charles Stanford's new symphony we must wait for another opportunity to speak; it should not have long to wait for another hearing. It seems to have made a most favourable impression by its moderation, its finish of workmanship, and its character of geniality. At Æolian Hall Mr. Joseph Holbrooke gave one of the concerts at which, with such steady perseverance, he seeks to make the public of London acquainted with the doings of the younger school of native composers. These concerts have been going on for eleven years, and their organiser shows a long list of works by various British musicians, which, perhaps, might not have obtained a hearing without his assistance. We wish he had foregone, in the introductory remarks of his prospectus, his gibe at the unfortunate givers of chamber and orchestral concerts. He says, "In spite of the enormous increase yearly of chamber and orchestral concerts in England, it is but seldom that English work is made possible by the financiers for a permanent place in the repertoire of our concerts." We suppose that concert-givers, like other people, must live, and that they have a right to be cautious about including in their programmes music which will not attract the paying public to their concerts.

The responsibility is really on the composers. If they will, like Sir Edward Elgar, like Sibelius, like Debussy, write music which people want to hear, the "financiers" will make no difficulty about performing it. We can understand and applaud Mr. Holbrooke's chivalry towards his brother composers who are less successful than himself, but he must be fair towards the promoters of the big concerts, who, if rumour is to be trusted, are not infrequently "out of pocket," even when they have performed programmes of great and generally admired compositions. Surely, also, several of the composers whom he is championing this year have already succeeded in gaining a hearing at the big concerts? Messrs. Norman O'Neill, Bantock, Dale, Jervis Read, Dunhill, Delius—the musical public cannot now be ignorant of these men and the place in the sun they have gained for themselves.

Mr. Holbrooke himself has made himself widely known by the merit of some of his works. At symphony concerts here and in the provinces his name is as familiar as any one of the younger school; his best works have been repeated and are likely to maintain their position in the repertory, while we read that London is shortly to hear his opera, "The Children of Don." He began his concert the other day with an arrangement for the "Æolian Pipe Organ" of the overture to this opera.

We will not pretend to judge such a piece from such a transcription; it was vigorous enough, and told a story of vehemence and sweeping storms, but we could not readily connect its themes with each other, and the more marked of these were not in themselves of arresting significance. As they were performed by Mr. Sydney Scott's Choir, it seemed to us that Mr. Holbrooke's "Choral Songs" were by no means among his most successful compositions. We should not complain if concert-givers declined to consider them likely to attract the public. They are not "modern" in the sense that the music is pictorial, a definite illustration of the text, though they show the influence of "modernism" in their strange intervals and harmonies. We know, from other examples of his work, that Mr. Holbrooke has a sense of humour and can express it unmistakably in music, but he cannot be said to have done so in these specimens of his choral writing. Miss Jean Waterston sang so well that it was hardly necessary to apologise for her cold; she did all that was possible for some songs by Messrs. Holbrooke, O'Neill, Delius and Scott, but she did not convince us that they were beautiful, or really expressive. To be honest, we found them dreary, anxious though we hope we are to understand and appreciate the aim of the composers who adopt the manner of musical speech which we suppose is to take the place of that to which we have been accustomed.

We would not wish, in this regard at least, to be like Cardinal Newman, whose love for Beethoven and the men before him was so exclusive that he could say of Schubert, Schumann and Wagner, "Who are these strangers, intruding late in the evening upon a dear old family party," and (like Edward Fitzgerald) denied any gift of melody to Mendelssohn. A welcome should be accorded to the "stranger" of our day. It would seem that some of our British new-comers, if we may judge from their own idea of melody, are as likely as Newman to say that Mendelssohn had none, but, if they give us music in its new forms, let it be expressive, at any rate, and we will try to see its beauty. Some of them are so sternly uncompromising that they refuse to grant us even so much of melody (in the old sense) as Debussy and Ravel and Reger are kind enough to supply. We should be grateful if they would occasionally be indulgent to our weakness, and let us hear a common chord, even if they think the concessions made by the French and German masters as regards melody go too far!

The Pronunciation of Latin

By Herbert A. Strong (Emeritus Professor).

THE Classical Association has done much good work since its establishment, and its activities are seen in the volume called "The Year's Work in Classical Studies," just edited by Mr. Whibley (John Murray). The subjects treated of embrace the whole area of classical studies, and are dealt with by specialists in each department; all the new books and pamphlets which have recently appeared on each subject are named and criticised. We miss, however, in this interesting

report of the doings of the society during the past year any reference to the adoption, or non-adoption, of the scheme of pronunciation of Latin which has been often discussed by the society. The point on which we wish to dwell is that, if Latin is to be retained as one of the chief subjects of instruction at our schools and universities, it is surely of importance that an uniform system of pronunciation should be adopted, not merely in Great Britain, but throughout the Empire.

It is possible, in adopting the pronunciation of a dead language to suit modern needs, to act on three different principles. It is possible to formulate a scheme of pronunciation professing to represent the way in which the dead language was actually spoken in its classic period; it is also possible to pronounce the dead language in the same manner as the mother tongue of the learner, which saves trouble; and, lastly, it is possible to evolve a method of pronunciation which shall fall in with the way in which the dead language is pronounced by other nations—in fact, to effect a compromise of an utilitarian character.

We in England have been accustomed, probably from the time of the Reformation, to pronounce the dead language of which we are thinking—viz., Latin—exactly like English, marking, however, the quantities as long or short. This method of pronouncing Latin, of course, commends itself to teachers as the line of the least resistance. It has been likewise defended by educational authorities on the ground that very many Latin elements have entered into our own language, and that by pronouncing Latin like English we enable the learner to see the derivation of many English words. Against this method of pronunciation is to be said, in the first place, that it contrasts with that of all Continental countries and of several of our Colonies, and therefore renders intercourse with foreign nations by means of spoken Latin impossible; and, in the next place, it fails to bring out the harmony and music of the Latin tongue, which, when read by a German or an Italian, is far more impressive than when read in our English fashion.

The third method, that of reproduction of the pronunciation of Latin as agreed upon by the best Latin scholars, is interesting and instructive, but it has the great disadvantage of being almost impossible to get universally adopted, while at the same time it has the further disadvantage of not being the method adopted by any of the Continental nations. However, this latter method is the one which the Classical Association wishes to be universally adopted in England. The Scotch association recommends a system resembling, but not identical with, that adopted by the English association.

According to the wish of the latter, *c* before a vowel is pronounced like *k*. We are to say Kikero, Kiker, for Cicero, Cicer. We are to say wolwo for volvo, and we are to trill the *r*'s. We are to pronounce the two *n*'s distinctly in such words as *penna*, as in modern Italian. And, what is more, we are to recognise and to mark what are called *hidden* quantities in Latin. For instance, *arma* is to be pronounced with the first syllable short; *Marcus* as *Maarkus*. The question is whether it would not be wiser to recommend the adoption of a

system which might reproduce some of the classical pronunciation, while adopting what we may call the common denominator of the methods in vogue on the Continent. It is perfectly true that Latin is pronounced somewhat differently in the various Continental countries, but it is equally true that the differences are not great, and the old-fashioned Scottish pronunciation, or that used by the Jesuits at the present day, would be much more easy to impose upon our schools and Universities than that which scholars have decided to be the more correct one. The Continental—or, to be more particular, the Italian—vowel sounds might be adopted, and the consonants pronounced as in English. The difficulty which meets us at present is that the "new" pronunciation has been adopted in some of our provincial Universities and in some of our large schools; but in our largest public schools and in the older Universities Latin is still for the most part pronounced like English. The result is that a scholar, passing from an institution where one method is in vogue to another which adopts the contrary way, is fairly puzzled.

It is the same with scholars who come from the Dominions over the sea, in some of which—as, for instance, Victoria, in Australia—the Continental method has been long since adopted. The older Universities have from time to time issued syllabuses recommending the "new" method of pronunciation. It were much to be wished that they would issue, in agreement with the newer Universities, a simple syllabus which should really and truly be acted upon by all the schools where Latin is taught in Great Britain and the Dominions. At present chaos reigns supreme in this matter, and it would surely be wise for those who have it at heart to see Latin retained as an important subject in our education to secure some standard of national pronunciation of that language, and to see that it is universally adopted.

It is needless to state that the method of pronouncing Latin as English does not aid, as the Continental method does, the process of learning modern languages. It were much to be desired that pupils were taught from the beginning that Latin is the old form of the Romance languages, and that these languages are the modern form which Latin has taken in the various Romance nations. It is obvious that the study of comparative philology would be rendered easier by the introduction into the pronunciation of Latin of the Continental vowel sounds. We trust that this question may be discussed at the meeting to be held next summer of the Universities of the Empire, for it is one which affects the education of all Latinists.

THE THEATRE

"The 'Mind the Paint' Girl"

WHETHER Sir Arthur Pinero writes a masterpiece or whether he does not he has the knack of drawing attention to his work in a manner with which no other living English dramatist can compete. He is—and we say it with no wish to be discourteous—the Barnum of playwrights, the Hall Caine among drama-

tists. Before writing a play he seems to ask himself, "What is the subject to be exploited at the present moment? What will amuse or annoy the Press and playgoers most?" For the most part Sir Arthur Pinero is not unhappy in his choice. We can look back upon a long line of his plays in which the story was not only interesting but topical. A master of construction and a past master in the difficult art of making his characters live, he has hitherto, with few exceptions, subordinated his thesis to his story.

This cannot be said in regard to his latest play. Sir Arthur Pinero is a diligent reader of the newspapers and, like many other people, he regards the epidemic of chorus-girl marriages as a bad one. So hot is his annoyance, so scornful his feelings in regard to the marriages of young and foolish peers with the beautiful and bourgeois young women of musical comedy, that he has entirely ruined his new play in his bitter attack upon this new habit. He has spent himself in showing the idiocy and the tragedy of these mixed marriages at the expense of his drama. We have seen few things more savage or more cruel in our time than his exposure of the pre-historicism of the domestic life of the musical comedy star. The exposure is one, however, rather of the journalist or of the politician than of the man whose business it is to hold the mirror up to nature. The photograph is not wholly accurate. The picture is a distorted one; the colours are those of the oleograph. It seems to us that Sir Arthur Pinero has written from hearsay rather than from observation, and that he destroys his case by exaggeration.

It is very obvious that Sir Arthur Pinero regards the young men who marry musical comedy girls as degenerates and the musical comedy girls themselves as creatures on the verge of lunacy. So earnestly does he desire to scourge both the young men and the young women that in doing so he has forgotten to make a play. He has merely given us a series of cinematographic photographs which come under the heading of faked pictures. The result is that "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl" is a failure as a work of art, as a play and as a story. Indeed, it is difficult to recognise the hand of Pinero in this curious, episodic, exaggerated effort. Much as we dislike saying so, for the English stage owes an immense debt of gratitude to this brilliant dramatist, the thing leaves us cold, sceptical, bored and astonished.

We read that the first two acts are devoted to psychology and atmosphere, to the analytical dissection of a set of types. Never, surely, were dramatic critics so unintelligent as they have proved themselves in writing of this piece. As a matter of fact, there is not a single character in "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl" which belongs to a recognisable type. The Jew steps bodily out of the Adelphi dramas of twenty years ago. The German baron who is supposed to be a member of the German legation and therefore a highly civilised and distinguished person comes from the same place. The City merchant is only to be found in the back numbers of "Punch," A.D. George Du Maurier. The mother of the musical comedy star is early Victorian. The young peer is grotesque. In appearance he is like a counter-jumper, and he talks invariably like a priggish member

of a polytechnic. The "Mind the Paint" Girl herself is a creature of Sir Arthur Pinero's imagination, a purely theatrical type. Nothing that she says or does or feels or sings or wears is recognisable. She is no more like the girl of the musical comedy than any gargoyle is like a man.

It goes without saying, therefore, that an air of unreality, of machine-made-ism pervades the play from the very rise of the curtain. We see at once that Sir Arthur Pinero is like nothing so much as a very much too clever K.C. It is special pleading, caricature, not life. Curiously enough, the whole thing seems to need dramatising. It leaves the audience cold, critical, and unentertained. The worst fault of all is that the first two acts are inordinately long, and if the first act is bad, the second is amateurish. In the manipulation of a large number of unessential people the dramatist shows an amazing lack of ingenuity. It is impossible to believe that Sir Arthur Pinero is responsible for that second act, which is merely a series of turns and duologues. Except for one or two individually clever performances there is not a person on the stage who belongs to the world that Sir Arthur Pinero has attempted to portray. The "boys" are ludicrously inaccurate and belong rather to Tooting Bec and Brixton than to the Haymarket and Jermyn Street. Even the waiters are theatrical, and there was a colonel in this act who could never have belonged to any English regiment.

Then came the "great" third act, the scene of which was laid in a quite impossible room filled with strange cupboards and woodwork and still stranger furniture. To this place come most of the people whom we had seen behaving like the creatures of Sime in the previous act. Daylight was pouring into the windows and yet they were made to dance between chairs and sofas. Finally the drama began, or rather, the musical comedy star was given the chance of bursting into an hysterical tirade in order to show us how unsuited she was to any place other than the Billingsgate fish-market. Her outburst left us cold, as did the outburst of the captain whom we have not mentioned before because he belongs less to life than any of the others. This act was all far-fetched, mechanical, and strained.

All we can do is to ask ourselves, "What is the matter with Sir Arthur Pinero?" "Preserving Mr. Panmure" was filled with mistakes; "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl" is unreal. The former was constructed with consummate brilliance, wholly wasted brilliance; the latter might have been written by Mr. Seymour Hicks. It is positively painful to us to be obliged to write in this way. We recognise in Sir Arthur Pinero a dramatist who has done more for the stage than any living man. We beseech him, however, to take up once again the pen with which he wrote "The Benefit of the Doubt," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "The Amazons," and "Sweet Lavender." Better still, let him dip once more into the ink with which he wrote "His House in Order." We beseech him to think less of making an effect and more of creating an impression; to discover something which he seems to have forgotten—that in the anatomy of all human beings there is a heart.

It is, of course, proverbial that the part makes the actor and not the actor the part. The actors in "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl" have little opportunity of distinguishing themselves. In the leading part Miss Marie Löhr could not be anything but strained and mechanical. She worked extremely hard, and the mechanism of her work was apparent. Mr. Vernon Steel did nothing to make the young peer less Brixtonian than he left the dramatist's pen. Mr. Allan Aynesworth did all that was possible with the captain. His sincerity was very valuable. Mr. Dion Boucicault as the early Victorian City man was miscast. The part should have been played by Mr. Teddy Payne. Miss Nina Swenning gave a very amusing imitation of a well-known Gaiety girl, and Miss Gwendoline Brogden showed, paradoxically enough, how very valuable a training may be had on the musical comedy stage. Hers was the best performance in the play, full of vivacity, animal spirits and naturalness. Miss Clare Greet was responsible for the few laughs the play contained.

"The Geisha" at the Palace Theatre

MANY playgoers, ourselves among the number, welcomed the opportunity last Monday night of renewing their acquaintance with "The Geisha," that charming little musical comedy which set a fashion that was followed by many others, some painfully inept, few so uniformly good. In the curtailed version presented at the Palace, which lasts nearly an hour, the cream of the piece is preserved—nearly all the best songs and dances once more hold the audience under their unfailing spell. We say nearly all—for we missed, with some little regret, the woes of the "Amorous Goldfish," the ditty relating the remarkable winking and sighing exploits of the "Interfering Parrot," and one or two other tuneful melodies. However, doubtless it was a fairly puzzling task to select from such a fund of fine material, and criticism of so beautifully produced and tasteful a version cannot be anything but kind.

It was a risky experiment—it always is in revivals—to introduce topical allusions, but the two or three we noticed went down well with the audience and were distinctly funny, especially, perhaps, the refusal of the Great Functionary to give more than a hundred dollars for the English temporary geisha as savouring too much of giving "ninepence for fourpence." The chief parts were in excellent hands: Mr. Phil Smith was almost as agile as the original Wun-Hi, and Miss Blanche Tomlin, though not quite Japanese enough—there was a vague something lacking, hardly definable—charmed all by her ringing voice. The staging and scenery were in the best style of the Palace, and Mr. George Edwardes' company scored a great success. Other items on the programme are excellent, and "Les Trombettas" deserve special mention for a very clever and amusing performance.

Some New French Plays—II

ALMOST every year Monsieur Abel Hermant, not content with giving us a novel, produces a play. His plays possess the same characteristics as his books—they are precise and biting satirical. Indeed, M. Hermant is well known as being one of the truest painters, if not the truest, of modern society. He is cruel; his irony is almost painful; he takes pleasure in examining minutely all the workings of the human heart, and analysing the cause of every action. He has depicted pitilessly the whole scale of modern human sentiments, and his personages execute a furious *danse macabre* deprived of all the many artifices and disguises in which human nature is prone to dissimulate its real and often repulsive aspect.

However, M. Hermant's plays do not always attain to the merit of his novels, because he is essentially an analyst, and cannot very well limit his talent to theatrical work, which necessitates forcibly a constant synthesis of the action and thesis of the play. Moreover, it is perhaps erroneous to regard M. Hermant's comedies in the light of "plays"—they rather resemble studies of certain *milieux* to which the author wishes to introduce us, and it is to be remarked that he never strives to concentrate our attention on one or two characters; indeed, there is generally no leading hero, each of his personages being sketched with the same care and detail. Although this process is a curious one, perhaps the secret of a lack of warmth resides in it which characterises M. Hermant's comedies. His audience is troubled and bewildered by so many characters all treated on the same plan, and, not being able to take particular interest in any one leading character, loses interest in them all, and is content to follow with cold scepticism the rather muddy way (often leading to a quagmire) through which M. Hermant's cynicism is wont to lead it.

His new play, "La Rue de la Paix," which is running at the Vaudeville, treats, as its title indicates, of the world of fashion. The idea is original and very modern: it shows how people of all classes mix freely in the salons of a big dressmaker. But there is a lack of unity in the whole comedy, which explains why it does not arouse the interest of the public as keenly as it might.

The subject is complicated—far too intricate to be explained in a few lines. We are successively introduced to dressmakers, mannequins, princes, representatives of the old French aristocracy, and of the English nobility, who all frequent the showrooms of two of the leading dressmakers of the day. And this heterogeneous society gives M. Abel Hermant occasion for presenting what he believes to be modern types. Many of the scenes of "La Rue de la Paix" remind one of his recent novel, "Les Renards." This is no reproach, but only proves that M. Hermant is essentially practical—and as modern as some of his characters.

The interpretation is very good, as is always the case at the Vaudeville. Monsieur Duquesne is to be especially noted as an old French nobleman. Jean Dax is a picturesque Egyptian prince; André Lefaur is a very amusing *couturier* and has composed his rôle with

the wit he always brings into the creation of his parts. As for the feminine cast, Jeanne Tribe is a Marquise de Hautfort whose daring toilettes contribute greatly to the success of her rôle. Henriette Rogers, who personifies the "première" Madame Le Franc, scores a real success, and Madame Ellen Andrée, one of the most original *comédiennes* to be found on the French stage of the day, is excellent.

MARC LOGÉ.

Foreign Reviews

"DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU."

"ES wird bei uns im allgemeinen viel zu viel zum Fenster hinaus geredet," says Herr von Brandt, at the end of a comparison between English and German methods in foreign politics, greatly to the advantage of the former, thus giving the lie to the British man-in-the-street, who thinks that discretion and independence are not the strong points of our Foreign Office. Herr von Brandt is discussing in the January number the Morocco business and the "coup d'Agadir," and he seems to regard Germany's action as a series of well-meant blunders, with lucid intervals. The interest shown in the matter by English statesmen he regards as almost inexplicable, for it was a matter "die selbst im Sinne der ersichtlich sehr dehnbaren britischen Interessen England nichts anging." English interference was due to naval jealousy, and in this connection the writer seems to advocate an abandonment by Germany of the race for supremacy on the sea.

There is in the same number, over the initials "L. B.," a very interesting article on Harnack's views on practical politics. The starting-point of the study is an assertion of Lord Haldane's that German conduct more than English is governed by ideas, but that even in Germany ideas do not lead to general advance: a few ardent spirits break from the ranks in different directions, and that is all. Harnack is not very much of an optimist, and his reflections make rather melancholy reading. But he is altogether "on the side of the angels" and against the "unwissenschaftlichen Dilettanten" who imagine there can be more than one answer to the great questions. Herr J. Minor, *à propos* of the affair of the "Zauberflöte," points out the immense part that Masonry has played in German literature. Herr Wilhelm Alter continues his survey of Hungarian foreign policy during the bid for independence in 1848. He explains the failure of Kossuth and his friends to interest Europe, and goes particularly into the story of their checks at London, Paris and elsewhere. "Für die Staatsmänner Europas war der Konflikt nur eine *disputa di famiglia*."

"LE MERCURE DE FRANCE."

READERS of "Casanova and his Time"—translated from the French of M. Edmond Maynial, and recently reviewed in THE ACADEMY—will be interested to find a lacuna in that book filled up by two articles in the January numbers of the *Mercur*. "Casanova et son

Evasion des Plombs," by Dr. Guède, is a very judicious account of the famous escape, or rather it is a strong refutation of Casanova's own story. Strangely enough the famous charlatan, convicted of lying by all manner of testimony, including his own, comes rather well out of the transaction, as some of his falsehoods appear to have done him real honour.

In the first January number M. Novicow, in "A propos du Darwinisme social," replies to criticisms of M. Jules de Gaultier, and contends that Universal Brotherhood is not the enemy of patriotism. M. Gustave Cohen completes his account of the revival of popular drama in Brittany, and of its greatest representative, Abbé Le Bayon. M. René Descharmes discusses a forgotten book, "Une Course à Chamounix," by Adolphe Pictet, an officer in the Swiss service, who deals with a little Bohemian excursion, in which he took part together with Liszt, Mme. d'Agoult and George Sand. M. Davray discusses a number of recent English novels.

For January 16 we have appreciations of two poets: of Léon Dierx by M. Henri Dérioux, and of Verlaine by M. Ernest Raynaud. This latter has nothing very new in it, except perhaps its exaggerated idolatry, and some *rapprochements* of Verlaine with Whitman. M. Emile Magne reconstitutes the home and toilet of Ninon de l'Enclos. M. Léon Séché has a most fascinating account of Hugo's copy of the works of Ronsard. This book, which contains many valuable autograph poems by various authors, given here for the first time, has unfortunately disappeared without leaving a clue. M. Davray discusses Mr. Gosse's poems, and French appreciations of Mr. Bernard Shaw and Lafcadio Hearn, as well as Marc Logé's recent translation of some of Hearn's works.

"LA REVUE."

"LETTRES INÉDITES" of and to Victor Hugo would always constitute an exciting discovery. M. Léon Séché has found some. The letters and M. Séché's remarks hinge on Louis Boulanger, "le peintre du cénacle" and the idolater of Hugo. Sainte-Beuve also has a share in the interest. Other features of the first January number are an eye-opening pronouncement by Signor Scipio Sighele on "Tripoli et le Nationalisme Italien"—certainly no one would accuse the writer of hypocrisy—an account by M. Chuquet of the Maréchale de Rochefort, lady-in-waiting at the court of Louis XIV, and a rather inconclusive study on "La Beauté de la Femme nouvelle," by M. Jean Finot. Miss Doris Gunnell introduces to French readers the productions of the Abbey Theatre at Dublin, and M. Calderon is very suggestive in his prognostics about the future of Latin South America; he anticipates huge changes from the Panama Canal.

The number for January 15 contains unpublished maxims attributed to Racine. The discoverer is Abbé Bonnet. M. Camille Flammarion discusses the history and topography of the village of Les Saintes-Maries at the mouth of the Rhone. He illustrates by diagrams the encroachments of the sea. M. Marcel Laurent recounts the career of Anatole de la Forge and his gallant defence of St. Quentin in 1870. Count A. de Pourvoir-

ville speaks from his great knowledge of the East of the revolution in China. He says that it is quite a mistake to suppose that the Chinese are not ripe for a republic; they have always had, in a sense, republics. A symposium on "L'Espionnage" provokes no very new or practical utterances, except for M. Faguet, who, admitting that it is an evil, adds: "Mais le jour où une entente réciproque pour supprimer l'espionnage sera possible, il sera bon de profiter de la circonstance pour supprimer la guerre elle-même, ce qui ne sera pas plus difficile."

An Oxford Letter

STAGNATION has hitherto been the motto of the Tories in Oxford. Last term the Postmaster-General was suffered to carry a vote of confidence in the Government, after a speech which would have insulted the intelligence of the average yokel. Tariff Reform was dismissed with one word, "Claptrap"; the most extravagant Government with which the country has been blessed for a considerable period commended for economy; and palpable platform inanities were palmed off upon the rising generation with unblushing effrontery, as if startling additions were being made to the philosophy of politics! Next time a Cabinet Minister comes to Oxford, perhaps the Tories will endeavour to come and outvote him, and next time his Majesty's Government sends one of their number to expound their views, perhaps they will give us someone who will make a speech more worthy of our condescension.

The Union has, however, rejected Adult Suffrage; expressed alarm at the growing power of trade unions; and at the instigation of the President of the Navy League (Mr. Yerburch, M.P.) subscribed to the principle of "two keels to one"—a policy, by the way, the necessity for which he signally failed to instil into the minds of our friends at Cambridge. A vote of censure on the Government for its reckless attacks on property was only carried by one vote. Lastly, we are shortly to be regaled by a disquisition from Mr. Hilaire Belloc upon the iniquities of the party system. The devotees of Isis are making one of their annual sacrifices of comfort and freedom at the shrine of that fickle goddess, in hopes of aquatic renown. In other words, rowing men are in training for the Torpids, thereby undergoing a physical—not to say fiscal—discipline which is none the less irksome because wholesome. The 'Varsity crew adjourn before long to Henley—there the better to ply the oar. They should have no difficulty in defeating their opponents again this year.

The hunting man we have always with us, and this gentleman is "au moment" revelling in the various "grinds," or college steeplechases, which abound this term.

The theatre has not given us anything of much interest, except Mr. Laurence Irving as Hamlet, and some of the "potted" products of Mr. Pélassier. The O.U.D.S. have acquitted themselves creditably, I am told, in their production of "Julius Cæsar." The last time this play was performed by the O.U.D.S., the cast

included such distinguished names as Arthur Bourchier, H. B. Irving, W. J. Morris, and Holman Clarke! No doubt many of the present performers aspire to such giddy heights of fame as have been achieved by the aforesaid gentlemen.

Mr. Cyril Asquith (Balliol) has added to the laurels already gained by his brothers by winning a Craven scholarship and the "Ireland." As these two foundations constitute the blue riband of Oxford scholarship, it is nothing less than astounding that of three brothers all should have been Craven scholars, and that two should have won the "Ireland." Besides this, one was elected to an All Souls' Fellowship, and the present representative of the family, having won the Hertford Scholarship, seems likely to emulate his brother's success at All Souls'. Much as we may deplore talent in the opposing camp, we cannot but admire such phenomenal success, and needs must weep at so much misguided talent.

YOUNG OXFORD.

Art

Modern Portrait Painters

THE sixth exhibition of the Modern Society of Portrait Painters opened recently at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly. The result, it must be confessed, is, on the whole, disappointing. Of course, the rise and fall of inspiration in art does not follow, or certainly does not appear to follow, any fixed rule. The eighteenth century is not a period upon which Englishmen can look back with the highest satisfaction; yet it produced a group of musicians and painters which are still our boast. In our own generation, on the other hand, we have witnessed, for a while, at least, a general rise in the political and moral temper of the people. If we compare the proportion of famous pictures on the walls of the Academy about the year 1787, as they appear in Ramberg's engravings, with the proportion of pictures in a modern exhibition of the same body which are claimed by contemporaries as likely to be famous, we find that the balance is heavily against our time. In the matter of portraits, as we have before observed, present-day painters are, of course, heavily handicapped. But even so, one would expect to see a certain number of portraits, or fancy portraits, painted from worthy subjects in the non-millionaire classes, which should suggest something of permanent worth. These, however, are few and far between, and in this fact lies the proof of our degeneracy. The modern painter theorises largely on the technique and ideals of art—perhaps, indeed, the subject was never so widely canvassed as it is now; but the result is, more often than not, mere eccentricity, without any realisation of the vital principles which, when really grasped, express themselves in the directness and simple handling that always characterises the work of the man who knows, whether in art or any other subject.

This exhibition contains a great deal of such eccentric production. But it must be admitted also that there

is a certain amount of genuine work, both of future promise or of actual merit. The military portraits by Mr. Lander we do not much like. The care devoted to them is unquestionable, but they tell us little that could not have been learned from a photograph. Mr. Philpot's picture of "Sculptor and Model" has been highly praised in some quarters; but, for ourselves, we do not greatly admire it. It is pointless; it tells no story and conveys no message. As a technical study of a nude male it has some merit, but it is a mistake to regard such studies as anything but stepping-stones to mature work. Mr. Philpot's profile portrait of Mr. Randall Davies is much more to our taste, suggesting, as it does, both character and personality. Mr. Waldo Murray is most successful in the portrait "David Copperfield," which hardly represents our idea of that hero, who was, indeed, by comparison with this gentleman, a poor creature. Mr. Murray's subject suggests shrewdness and humour as well as the grit which undoubtedly inspired Dickens's hero, and one could hardly suspect him of the mawkish sentiment which diminishes so much our liking for David Copperfield himself. Two portraits, numbered 10 and 12, are disagreeable but powerful representations of modern fashionable ladies of the pleasure-hunting sort. What inferences our descendants will draw from pictures of this kind we should not like to surmise. Mr. Hayward has two very truthful and straightforward portraits, those of Mrs. Pitt Rivers and Mrs. Sidney Pitt.

Mr. Ranken has been influenced in one of his portraits by the technique of Sargent, which, indeed, he has fairly imitated; but the merit stops there; the face is characterless and unpleasing. "A Lady in Blue," by the same artist, is ambitiously eccentric; the colours are inharmonious, and the face and the figure are not on the same plane. Two of Mr. Ginnet's portraits we like exceedingly—those numbered 18 and 19. The little lad holding "the silver galleon" is exceedingly charming. Mr. Jamieson contributes one of the best portraits in the exhibition—that of the Hon. Sir Charles Parsons, a virile and truthful work. Mr. G. F. Kelly has some pretty Burmese studies, and Mr. Guisti must be congratulated on his portrait of Jane Guisti, a delightful child study, truthful and free from affectation. Mr. Bell contributes a fairly natural and sympathetic portrait of a lady, and Mr. Fiddes Watt has three powerful male portraits, painted under the influence of Raeburn, the best of which is perhaps that of Lord Guthrie, a characteristic piece of work which deserves to live.

Mr. Oswald Birley contributes five ambitious portraits, the best of which is that of Sir Ralph Anstruther. A haunting and very clever, but not wholly agreeable work is Mr. Ablett's full-length "Portrait of Madame R. R. G." It is marked by elusive personality and compelling attraction. A less ambitious and more pleasantly characteristic portrait is that of Miss Elsie Carter, by Mr. F. W. Carter. This may be compared, to its great advantage, with the adjoining seated portrait of Miss Una Artavelde Taylor, which suggests in every line that the sitter is consciously trying to look her part. The assertive work by Mr. Crealock,

called "The Red Sofa," is a hard and glaring production intended, we suppose, to be startling, and so far successful. Mr. F. C. Mulock produces a couple of clever pictures, of which the group entitled "Thelma Sits for her Portrait" is, in spite of a rather doubtful piece of drawing, a delightfully natural and quietly humorous work—certainly one of the best pictures in the exhibition. Mr. Mark Milbanke may be congratulated on his striking portrait of Miss Edyth Fenton, the lighting of which is as clever as the characterisation. Mr. Ivan Lindhe has turned out a pleasantly natural portrait of a thoughtful-looking child in that of Miss Tempest-Hicks; and we like, too, Mr. Douglas's unpretentious and natural picture of Miss Heysham. Besides these there are some clever drawings and sketches by various hands.

Etchings

MESSRS. GUTEKUNST are now holding at their gallery in Grafton Street one of the most interesting of their many fine exhibitions—a collection of the etchings of the late Professor Legros. Legros, Sir Frederick Wedmore points out in his preface to the catalogue, was the last but one of the real masters of the revival of etching, the last to whom he refers—M. Bracquemond—being still alive. In this same "note" the writer differentiates between the three periods in Legros' work. To the first—the French period—roughly speaking, belong those which may be called subject studies—almost always studies of peasant people—"Le Bonhomme Misère," "Les Chantres Espagnols"; then the first English period, with the portraits, and finally the beautiful sensitive landscapes. But in the present exhibition, at all events, one is not greatly aware of these differences of period, for the joins show very little, and one is conscious only of one abiding personality. And what a personality! There have not been many artists whose work impresses one with such a wonderful sense of calm and yet so splendid a vigorousness. For it is a strength which is always united with tenderness, and which needs no force to impress itself. Whether in the faces of the portraits or in such studies as "Vieil Homme, Vieil Arbre," or "Marchand de Mouron," or in the most delicate of the landscapes, there is always the same wonderful depth and intensity—a sort of sad grandeur even in the slightest things, though the sadness is half concealed by a smiling kindliness.

The changes are there, nevertheless, and one notices how Legros' work became more and more abstract, if one may so express it, as time went on, though the same things still continued to interest and mattered to him—the quiet presence of Nature in certain countrysides, the low hills with the streams winding in and out among them, the sunny fields, the dignity of the labouring peasant people—which recalls Millet. Another writer in a catalogue note speaks of Legros as the etcher "of quiet streams that had no existence save in dreams and memories." There is, of course, a sense in which no work of art can have

any existence save in the artist's mind. The country of Burgundy belonged to Legros—in the way that the Barbizon country did to Corot, when he would spend half the night leaning out of his bedroom window to look at it. Then one realises the wonderful skill, the effectiveness of those little broken lines which give so much individuality to all these etchings, the simple compositions and absence of all irrelevances, the complete reliance upon the so wonderfully sensitive medium, which make the artistic triumph of the work. It is this perfect identification of the thought with the art used to give life to it which makes it even hard to separate the idea from the form, and which perhaps reached its climax in such etchings as "Les Bouleaux; Bord de l'Eau" or "Le Pré en soleil."

It is interesting that, coincidently with this exhibition, two other galleries are showing collections of etchings, and include much beautiful work. At Messrs. Colnaghi and Obach's gallery in New Bond Street "The Society of Twelve" (there are eighteen members, and some of the first of living artists are of the number) is holding its seventh exhibition, while Messrs. James Connell and Sons also are holding their show of etchings. "The Society of Twelve" this year has devoted one of its rooms to a collection of drawings, the majority being by members who show etchings also. Interesting as this plan would appear, it must be confessed that the drawings are something of a disappointment.

To turn to the work in the first room. One wall is devoted to some dozen prints by Legros, lent by Mr. F. G. Bliss. These include several of the larger peasant studies and the portrait of Carlyle, as well as some of the wonderful little landscapes. Another wall is given to seven of Mr. D. Y. Cameron's beautiful impressions of lonely moors and silent places (several of these may also be seen at Messrs. Connell's gallery), and another to the always interesting work of Mr. E. Gordon Craig, including some of his sweeping, vase-like studies for Hamlet, and a beautiful "Dante." Then there is Mr. Walter Sickert with a fine study of Whistler, from whom he derived his special method of working, a portrait of Mrs. Whistler, and others. Mr. Clausen has some strong quiet country studies—"An Old Shepherd" and a "Cottage Among Trees." Lastly there are prints by Mr. Francis Dodd, Mr. Ian Strang and Mr. T. Sturge Moore.

Among the best and most interesting things in Messrs. Connell's exhibition are some of the etchings by Mr. Bernard Eyre, the "Path by the River" and "On the Marshes" being full of a delicate individual feeling for the beauty and mystery of solitary places and great dark trees. There is an indescribable beauty and delicacy of touch, too, in Mr. H. Frood's "Carros," as though every bit of the town and the wall and the road, the bare trees and the passing people had been a delight to the artist as he traced the lines, and which impresses one as do the drawings of some of the old Italians.

The exhibition altogether includes some hundred proofs, among them some work by Mr. A. F. Affleck, Mr. E. M. Synge, Mr. William Walker, Messrs. W. and I. Strang. We would mention also M. Eugene Béjot's finely touched impressions of riversides, and an old woman and a "Beadle" by M. Anders Zorn.

Mr. William Archer on "Art and the Commonweal"

ON Friday evening, February 23, at South Place, Finsbury, Mr. William Archer delivered the third Moncure Conway Memorial Lecture, the chair being taken by Mr. I. Zangwill. Mr. Zangwill, introducing the lecturer in a witty speech, observed that he was a thinker as well as a critic, regretting that the distinction was necessary, and remarked that only in England was the mighty art of the drama left to commercial enterprise. He referred to Dr. Moncure Conway's influence on himself when a youth, naming him as his Emerson—his first serious thinker.

Mr. Archer began his lecture by remarking that in considering the probable relation of art to the future of humanity certain doubts and questionings were bound to arise; "the one great obstacle to progress is the sluggishness of imagination." The artistic faculty and artistic discernment seemed to become more and more the privilege of the few, while the lack of taste shown by the multitude became more and more horrific—that was the difficulty. "The true democrat," said Mr. Archer, referring to the relation of art to a truly democratic state, "is one who has no relish for national greatness which is founded on a precarious and miserable existence for the mass of the people." "Common sense tries to find some common ground by which all classes can unite in the worship of a beauty which shall be beneficial to all"—but there must be a climbing down on the part of the aesthetes as well as a climbing up on the part of the people.

Probably, continued the lecturer, the distance of four and twenty centuries lends enchantment to our view of Athenian beauty; we see the marble, but not the mud; the palaces remain, but the hovels are gone. A book could be written on "Philistia in Hellas"—inartistic Athens. However that may be, the Greek art was truly popular, calculated to give immediate pleasure to all kinds of men. Art was not the exclusive possession of any class—it was an integral part of the commonwealth, and played an attractive part in the lives of the populace. The artistic temperament is latent in all classes. Will a man or woman of no artistic sense ever become considered as abnormal, like a stammerer or an albino? It was rash, said Mr. Archer, to dogmatise. Beauty of environment does not beget taste, but constant hideousness of environment tends to kill what taste may exist. He concluded by suggesting some measures which might be taken to encourage the combination of physical comfort and artistic taste, such as the alteration of our ugly school buildings, etc., and looked forward to the time when good music should be accessible in the meanest districts—when even the schoolboys should "whistle Mozart or Verdi."

The lecture was full of good points, though many of them were debatable, and the crowded audience signified much enthusiasm both for the lecture itself and for the remarkably interesting speeches of Mr. Zangwill as chairman.

Notes and News

THE Drama Society will on Monday afternoon next, at Clavier Hall, Hanover Square, present "The Roman Road," adapted by Ella Erskine from a story by Kenneth Grahame; "The Pierrot of the Minute," by Ernest Dowson, and Maeterlinck's "The Death of Tintagiles," translated into English by Alfred Sutro. In the casts will be:—Miss Edyth Olive, Miss Muriel Hutchinson, Miss Eve Balfour, Miss Ethel Evans, Miss Irene Clarke, Mr. Rathmell Wilson, and others. Mme. Marie Vantini and Miss Ella Erskine are producing the plays, and Mr. Val Cuthbert is stage manager.

Mrs. George Cornwallis-West has stimulated among artists special interest in the "Shakespeare's England" Exhibition at Earl's Court by offering a prize of £25 for a poster design suitable for a hoarding advertisement of the Exhibition. Mr. E. L. Lutyens, F.R.I.B.A., Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, and Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A., are to be the judges, and already the principal art schools have been officially informed of this proposal. All wishing to send in designs on approval should address them to the Secretary of Shakespeare's England, Ltd., Whitehall House, Charing Cross, S.W., from whom particulars may be obtained.

Mr. Charles Turrell, of St. James's Street, has been favoured by her Majesty the Queen and Princess Mary with sittings for their miniatures.

The monthly meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society was held on Wednesday evening, the 21st inst., at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Great George Street, Westminster, Dr. H. N. Dickson, president, in the chair. Mr. J. Fairgrieve read a paper on "The Thunderstorms of May 31, 1911." He dealt with the thunderstorms which visited the London district on the Derby day, and especially with the movement of the rain which accompanied the storm. Having obtained information from nearly 700 observers as to the time of rainfall or absence of rain, he has been able to prepare an interesting series of maps for each quarter of an hour from 12.30 to 8.45 p.m., showing the areas over which rain was actually falling. Mr. R. G. K. Lempfert discussed "The Thunderstorms of July 29, 1911," and Mr. S. Skinner read a paper on "The Drosometer," an instrument for measuring the amount of dew.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish next week a new *Life of Brete Harte*, by Henry Childs Merwin. The book contains a long and picturesque account of the early Californian pioneers, their struggles and their successes. They are also publishing "The Truth About a Nunnery: The Story of Five Years in a Paris Convent School," by Marion Ayesha; one of Mr. Arnold Bennett's earlier novels, "Leonora," in a new and cheaper edition, and "Boswell's Autobiography," a new book by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, embodying the author's theory of the origin of Johnson's "Life."

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE TRIPOLITAN FARCE.

AGAIN despatches from foreign capitals declare that Russia is persuading the Powers to intervene with a view to ending the serio-comic Turco-Italian conflict. On this occasion it would seem that there is some welcome truth in the statement. It is devoutly to be hoped that the efforts of the Tsar's Government will be crowned with success. Europe is sick and tired of a conflict which constantly threatens complications of a far-reaching nature, but the end of which, in relation to the securing of Italian objects, was a foregone conclusion from the moment that hostilities were begun. We had almost forgotten that a war was in progress until our lethargic interest was abruptly awakened by the cannonade at Beirut. The controversy that followed as to whether or not the Italians were justified in their action only tended once more to draw attention to the futility of prolonging the absurd campaign. The presence of Turkish warships at Beirut was a menace to the Italian sea communication not to be ignored. That a few shells missed their mark and strayed into the town was of little importance. It is difficult to imagine how on sea Italy can restrict the area of conflict so long as Turkish warships conveniently shelter in ports from which, in a spirit of desperate adventure, they may emerge on raiding expeditions.

Italy's command of the sea, however, does not necessarily give her command of the desert. Here is to be found the real difficulty that confronts diplomatists in their efforts to restore peace. With a brave fanfare of trumpets in the Italian Chamber the paper annexation of Tripoli has been rendered complete. From the military, which, after all, is the actual, point of view only a fringe of the territory has been occupied; beyond, in stubborn array there awaits an ill-tempered horde of Turks and Arabs whose attitude towards their enemy may be likened to the invitation of one street urchin to another to "come on!" while "wait and see" is the strictly Parliamentary reply of the Italians.

It is high time that Europe suppressed the squabble as an incorrigible nuisance. So long as it remains with us its effect will be to react dangerously on other storm centres. For example, the internal conditions of Turkey are drifting towards a great crisis; with the coming of the crocus the perennial trouble in the Balkans has revived; and the insurrection in Albania, seemingly destined to be an annual irritation, is again in full swing. Surely, then, the Tripolitan farce has gone far enough, especially when we reflect that the more or less amiable combatants are reduced to such a state of frowning impotence that while Italy boldly attacks a couple of small war craft on the Syrian coast, Turkey with thunderous fury announces her intention of sending back to their homes all Italian subjects, harmless and otherwise, found within the Ottoman Empire—that is to say, of course, excepting the sandy wastes of Tripoli. The civilisation of either West or East cannot gain by the further prolongation of this Quixotic crusade of the Cross against the Crescent.

SEA POWER IN THE PACIFIC.

Although it must not for a moment be supposed that the experts of this country have centred their attention wholly upon naval activity in the Western hemisphere, the public in general, obsessed with the idea of a German onslaught by German Dreadnoughts, have failed to note the rapidly growing sea-power of the Island Empire of the Pacific. There was a time when the man-in-the-street displayed something akin to intelligent interest in regard to Great Britain's position in the Far East; but that was during the years when the British flag was to be seen flying from the peak of some of the most powerful ships of war in Asiatic waters. Then came the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and with it the guarantee that England's welfare in the Pacific would be guaranteed by an ally—hence the withdrawal of our battle squadron to the home region, and the concentration of public interest in the British Navy as simply constituting the first line of home defence. But international problems do not remain for ever in one quarter of the globe, and the time is approaching when the eyes of the world will turn once more to the East. Therefore it should prove instructive to review briefly the advance made by Japan in recent years towards the attainment of sea supremacy in the Pacific.

At the outbreak of the late war she possessed a navy comprising 156 warships of all types (including a powerful torpedo flotilla) with an approximate tonnage of 280,000. To-day she can boast a sea strength of nearly 200 warships, representing a total of some 600,000 tons. Of capital ships she possesses fifteen, four of which are of Dreadnought or super-Dreadnought armament, while her armoured cruisers number thirteen. In battleships and battle-cruisers of Dreadnought or super-Dreadnought design, built, building, and projected, she ranks fourth, and in battleships and armoured cruisers, under the old arbitrary designations, fifth, among the navies of the world.

After Japan had built in her own yards, early in the post-bellum period, the battleships "Satsuma" and "Aki," and the armoured cruisers "Ibuki" and "Kurama," her shipbuilding programme, owing to financial exigencies, received a slight check, and it was not until the latter part of 1910 that she showed signs of renewed activity. It will be remembered that in November of that year an order was placed by the Government with Messrs. Vickers for the construction, at a cost of two and a half millions, of a battle-cruiser which was to have an approximate displacement of 27,000 tons. Until this contract was signed no order had been placed with a foreign shipyard since the delivery from Elswick, in 1906, of the battleships "Katori" and "Kashima," and it had become recognised as the settled policy of Japan that she had ceased to go abroad for her warships. In a semi-official communication which appeared in the British Press, announcing the decision of the Japanese Government to depart from that policy, it was stated that the placing of the contract was to mark Japan's appreciation of British efficiency in shipbuilding, and to give expression in practical form to the sincere feeling with which she regarded the dual alliance. It was said further that "the extent of this feeling may be gauged from the fact that

... Japan has now five yards standing idle where she can herself build Dreadnoughts in every detail."

That Japan had a thorough appreciation of the efficiency of British workmanship there can be no doubt, for without the genius and craft of Elswick and of Barrow the history of Tsushima had never been written. But there came a time when she realised that with the patterns at her disposal it was materially cheaper to construct vessels of war in her own shipyards than to order them from foreign countries. Japan commenced to build her own ships. The "Satsuma," the "Aki," the "Kawachi," the "Settsu," the "Ibuki," and the "Kurama," have all been constructed in Japanese shipyards. That the Admiralty should have departed from the policy of building only in home waters was attributed at the time by all those who possessed knowledge of the actual truth to one main and dominating motive. The Japanese, incapable themselves of original development in naval construction, or, for the matter of that, in any branch of applied science, found it necessary to come to this country for the latest and most perfect model of a fighting ship. By the time the hull of the battle-cruiser had reached appreciable dimensions at Barrow signs of activity were evident in at least three out of the five idle shipyards in Japan. Therefore it is clear that the new contract did not denote a departure from the policy decided upon in the year 1906. In other words, beyond the periodic placing of isolated orders with foreign shipyards—the only means by which she can hope to keep abreast with the advance of naval construction—it is highly improbable that Japan will turn to the contractors of the West for the carrying out of any extensive scheme of armaments.

Towards the close of last year (1911) the "Jiji Shimpō" intimated that the Saionji Cabinet had consented to a further programme of naval expansion (the fifth to be adopted since the year 1903) involving an expenditure of nine and a quarter millions sterling on the construction of one battleship and three battle-cruisers, the keels of which, according to an official of the Admiralty who confirmed the announcement, were to be laid with all possible speed.

In a broad survey of world conditions as they exist to-day it requires no effort of the imagination to see that Japan holds a position of supremacy in the Pacific. Indeed her position is unique. Her Empire is geographically compact and connected, and the territories over which she wields a political influence lie at her door. Outside the region of Eastern Asia she has, now, no grave national responsibilities, and it is unlikely for years to come that the strategical disposition of her fleets will take them far from home. Within a few days of their base her warships are able to show the flag in the coast and river ports of her helpless neighbour, China, and to this natural advantage is to be attributed in a large measure Japan's growing influence in the capital and in the provinces of that great country. It has not in the past been due entirely to coincidence that a conclusion, favourable to our ally, of protracted and troublesome negotiations with a patriotically stubborn Wai-wu-pu has frequently synchronised with the sudden and sinister appearance of a Japanese squadron in the waters of Pechili.

MOTORING

FOR the coming season's racing the Brooklands Club committee has, with the approval of the R.A.C., inaugurated a system of classification based upon the volume swept by the engine pistons; in other words, upon cylinder capacity. This is a sensible decision, and the only wonder is that the ludicrous method of power-classification known as the R.A.C. rating should have predominated so long, or even been adopted at all. As is generally known, this method of calculation is based solely upon two factors, the diameter of the bore and the number of cylinders, and is entirely misleading, inaccurate, and useless in every way, inasmuch as it ignores that essential factor, the length of the piston stroke. A striking instance of its absurdity is furnished by Mr. John Prioleau in one of his invariably interesting and informative contributions on motor matters to a daily contemporary. In referring to the 15.9 h.p. Calthorpe he points out that by "that egregious calculation" (the R.A.C. formula) the engine, having a bore of only 80 m.m., comes into the 15/16 h.p. class, whereas its stroke (150 m.m.) brings it into line, so far as actual development of power is concerned, with most 24 h.p. machines. Even more remarkable and glaring anomalies might easily be furnished by an analysis of the various cars at present before the public, but it would be a work of supererogation, inasmuch as although the R.A.C. formula still remains the official basis of calculation, no one seems able or inclined to justify its existence. It is certainly time that some rational system of horse-power classifi-

cation were generally adopted and officially sanctioned. From the beginning of the industry the makers' descriptions have themselves been so erratic and arbitrary as to be almost useless to the bewildered buyer, whilst the introduction of the R.A.C. formula has rendered his confusion worse confounded.

From the motorist's point of view quite exceptional interest attaches to the recent reports respecting the discovery by a Russian scientist of a process whereby "synthetic rubber," fully equal in elasticity and resilience to the natural article, can be produced and marketed at about one quarter the price of the latter. Of course this is by no means the first time that similar announcements have been made, and on more than one occasion during the last few years the motorist who is compelled to study economy has prematurely congratulated himself on the prospect of getting tyres at a price which would render the upkeep of his car a comparatively negligible consideration. In fact, so frequently has he been disappointed on this account that it will take a lot to convince him that the problem has at last been solved. It would be obviously illogical, however, to conclude that because a thing has never been done, it never will be, as witness the solution of the flying problem. It will be recollected that when, in 1906, the "Daily Mail" offered £10,000 for a flight from London to Manchester, a rival newspaper offered £10,000,000 to any aviator who could fly to a point five miles from London and back in a heavier-than-air machine, contending that one offer was quite as safe as the other. At the present moment such

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a performance as the one for which the "Mail" offered its enormous prize would be regarded as mere child's play by dozens of aviators in this country alone. There is therefore no inherent impossibility in the discovery of a means of manufacturing artificial rubber, and it may be said at once that the present announcement is supported by a degree of authority which did not attach to previous reports of a similar nature. In fact, two or three weeks ago the present writer was shown specimens of a substance which certainly possessed the resilience and the appearance of natural rubber, and was informed that it could be sold, in any quantities, at sixpence per pound. The presumption is that this is the article referred to in the reports which have recently appeared in the Press, although the price quoted in the latter works out at approximately one shilling and threepence per pound. At anything like either of these prices it would revolutionise the tyre industry, always assuming, of course, that it could be produced in unlimited quantities.

From Mr. Aldersey Swann, of 9, Regent Street, London, S.W., comes an interesting booklet entitled "Hints on Motor-Car Purchase." It is safe to say that after perusing it the prospective buyer of a car, either new or second-hand, will have such a clear idea of the pitfalls and difficulties which the uninitiated are bound to encounter in the selection of a car suitable for their individual requirements that they will realise the advisability of securing expert guidance in the operation. Mr. Swann points out, with perfect truth, that thousands of pounds are thrown away annually by the motor-buying community by the simple process of buying the wrong car—the car which may be perfectly good value for the money paid for it, but which may nevertheless be a thoroughly bad speculation by reason of its unsuitability for the roads it will be used upon and the work it will have to do. In the case of a car, an unfortunate selection is usually serious, because it cannot be rectified without incurring disastrous loss, as it is well known that a car once used, if only for a week or two, immediately loses from 25 to 50 per cent. of its market value. The vital importance, therefore, of getting the right thing in the first place needs no emphasising. We can recommend a perusal of Mr. Swann's booklet to every intending motorist who does not feel thoroughly qualified to act for himself in a matter which is one of exceptional difficulty, and always will be in view of the widely differing purposes for which the motor-car is used.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE City is in a curious frame of mind. It declines to subscribe for new issues; most of them are left in the hands of the underwriters. But as soon as the underwriters make a market, it willingly buys the bonds at a premium. This shows that the investor lacks confidence. Nevertheless, there is a steady stream of

investment business all day long, and brokers who eschew the gambling fraternity are not grumbling. The new Canadian Loan should go very well, for it is a full trustee security, and present holders of the Three and Three-quarter can exchange into the new issue. The terms are good, for the loan carries interest for six months, whereas the principal portion of the money is not required until the end of April. At the same time we cannot forget that Lazard Brothers' Canadian Northern issue was a complete failure. The British investor thinks probably that he has had quite enough of Canada to last him for a very long time.

The much-talked-of Sudd prospectus has made its appearance, and met with a good reception, but the document is silent with regard to paper. As the principal weed on the Nile is papyrus, from which the Egyptians made all their paper, and as the inventors of the process for turning papyrus into fuel have produced already an excellent paper from this weed, I am surprised that nothing was said about it.

Coal Substitute was an impudent attempt to take the wind out of the sails of Sudd Fuel, and at the same time take advantage of the coal famine scare. It is hardly likely that anyone in their senses would subscribe, for the promoters ask £75,000 for something that was only going to be patented. It is one of the most ridiculous prospectuses I have ever met with.

Higginson and Company intend offering 16 millions of Portland Railway Five Per Cent. Bonds at 95½. In spite of the fact that the net earnings have doubled themselves in the past five years, they are only to-day equal to 1.9 times the interest charges on the 34 million dollars of funded debt, and there therefore appears to be a very definite risk that in the event of a set-back in trade the interests on these bonds could not be paid. They are not a first mortgage on the whole property, but only upon little less than half. However, Messrs. Higginson and Company and their associates in Philadelphia, Messrs. Drexel, are sound firms, and they probably have a very good reason for thinking that the railway will largely increase its earnings.

The Atchison and Topeka issue will be out shortly, and we are evidently going to have a very busy time in the bond market. I confess that I think those who confine their investments to bonds will find themselves come out on top in the end, and, taken over a series of ten years, their income will probably be larger than that of a man who has shares in the same companies.

Yet another South Wales colliery has issued its annual report. D. Davis and Sons is one of our leading collieries; its profits for the past year are £155,000. A 10 per cent. dividend is paid to the ordinary shareholders. Since December 31 this colliery has completely changed its whole system of finance. The £10 shares have been split into £1 shares: 225,000 shares have been distributed as a bonus, and 112,500 shares have been offered to the shareholders at par. The right to apply for the new shares is worth 6s. 6d., and the bonus shares are quoted at 28s. No one can say that D. Davis and Sons' shareholders have not done well out of their connection with this colliery. Presumably miners and their leaders are just as capable of analysing a balance sheet and adding up the profits as we are; in which case the argument of the owners that any alteration in the present terms would ruin them will lose its point. Messrs. Thackeray, of Cardiff, the well-known stockbrokers, publish a little manual of the South Wales coal and iron companies. The International Coal Co., of which Sir William Lewis is the chairman, has paid an average dividend for the past 12 years of 11½ per cent. Insole's average dividend on ordinary shares for the past 12 years is £7 5s. 10d. Gwaun-Cae-Gurwen has paid an average dividend for the past seven years of £17 2s. 10d. upon the old capital. In 1910 the fully-paid shares had a 10s. per share bonus.

The Great Western Colliery has paid an average dividend for the past 12 years of 12½ per cent. The Glamorgan

Coal Company, of which Mr. D. A. Thomas is both chairman and managing director, has not quite such a good record. Indeed, from 1900 to 1907 the ordinary shareholders received nothing, but in 1908 the collieries were revalued, when it appeared that the assets exceeded the liabilities by £205,071. £100,000 of this surplus was placed to a general reserve fund, and the balance went to the credit of profit and loss. The Glamorgan colliery since this re-arrangement has done well. Duffryn Rhondda has paid an average dividend on its ordinary shares for the past eight years of £5 8s. per cent. The Cynan, under the same chairmanship, has paid £6 17s. 6d. for the past four years. The Cardiff Collieries for the past five years has returned its shareholders 9 per cent. Burnyeat, Brown and Company have pits in the Rhondda Valley, and in 1909 paid a bonus of 100 per cent. in ordinary shares; in addition, the average dividend on the ordinary shares for the past seven years has been £8 4s. per cent. United National record is £16 17s. 6d. for the past eight years. Penrikyber, a Cory concern, has paid £8 8s. 4d. per cent. for the past twelve years; Partridge, Jones have paid £19 3s. 4d. per cent. for 12 years; Newport Abercarn £8 6s. 8d., average for 12 years; the Main Colliery £14 6s. 8d., average dividend for 12 years; Locketts Merthyr £11 17s. 4d., dividend for 12 years. Few businesses can show such an extraordinary record of high dividends extending over a long period, and I think that the public should take this record into consideration when judging between masters and men, for we all know that the cost of living to a workman has advanced during the past two or three years at least 25 per cent.

MONEY.—The Bank of England is in a fairly strong position. Everything is in its favour; its reserve is over 30 millions. The supply of gold is ample, and as soon as the public deposits are realised there should be some ease in the money market. The coal strike would, of course, completely alter the whole position, and a coal strike that lasted any length of time would certainly send our bank rate to 5 or 6 per cent., because our exports would be stopped, and we should be compelled to borrow money from abroad; not only that, but the Savings Bank deposits would be heavily drawn upon, and this would put a great strain upon the Government. However, although to prophesy at the present moment is a particularly foolish thing, I cannot believe that the crisis will end seriously.

FOREIGNERS.—The Foreign Market has been idle, with not a bargain doing anywhere. Peru prefs. are probably the only stock in which the slightest interest is taken. Italians look a little weak, but we can always rely upon the Government coming in and holding them up. The same may be said of Japanese securities. I hear somewhat bad reports of both the silk and rice crops. This is a serious matter, for if these two crops were to fail, Japan would be one year nearer her inevitable default. Egyptian shares have been very heavy, Panmure, Gordon and Company having sold 1,000 National Banks. Notwithstanding the fact that the Agricultural dividend is expected to be increased, this share has also shown considerable weakness.

HOME RAILS.—The dealers in the Home Railway Market are absolutely convinced that the strike will end in a compromise; consequently prices have remained ridiculously firm. As this article is written before any news can be made public with regard to the negotiations between the Government, the mine-owners and the miners, the less said about the strike the better. The state of the market would appear to show a large "bear" account. Whether these "bears" will buy back quickly in the event of peace being proclaimed, or whether they will decide to run their "bears," it is impossible to say, but the knowledge that such an account exists has kept prices extremely steady. In Little Chats, however, there are still plenty of "bulls" who now talk about an output from the Kentish

collieries in general. We have heard so often that these collieries are on the point of producing coal that, although I admit that there is coal in Kent, I will not admit that it can be produced at a profit or in a merchantable quantity until I have seen it with my own eyes. If the water difficulty can be overcome no doubt Kent will turn into a great coalfield, but has it been overcome? That is the question.

YANKEES.—My paragraphs of the preceding fortnight might just as well be reproduced this week for all the change that has taken place in this market. The jobbers are satisfied to snatch their profits each day, and dealing in the market is nothing more than gambling—one jobber against the other. It would be simpler if those gentlemen tossed for pennies. The decision of Roosevelt to stand again for President has not helped matters. It is very doubtful whether any "bull" market will be established until the Presidential Election is over; certainly nothing will be done during the next few months.

RUBBER.—Rubber shares droop each day, and dealers complain that the public has entirely lost all interest in this market. The real reason for the weakness is that a certain number of rash speculators believed that we should see a boom this spring, and they bought without being able to pay for their stock. They are now being squeezed out, for the dealers in the House resolutely decline to carry rubber shares; they one and all think them too high.

OIL.—We have had a really exciting week in Oil. The Shell Transport officially notified that they had purchased the Rothschild Oil business in Baku. Rothschilds and Nobels have always commanded the Russian business. Nobels because their output is twice as large as that of any other firm, and Rothschilds through their immense international influence. Naturally, the news sent Shells up, especially when it was found that a new issue would be made giving the old shareholders a very handsome bonus. But these bonuses cut both ways as far as the market is concerned, for a great many people have not the money to take up large blocks of shares, and there was a good deal of selling in Shells in order to pay for new shares. Another piece of news was that the first shipment of Egyptian Oil had left the Red Sea. All arrangements have now been made for the proper working of the Egyptian oil field, and although for a long time I was extremely sceptical as to whether there was oil in Egypt, I am now inclined to believe in it. Egyptian Oil Trust looks a fairly cheap share, and is now being bought. But those who want to participate in Egyptian oil, and do not care to pay for high-price shares, might buy Red Sea Oil Fields, although Trusts are probably the better share of the two.

KAFFIRS.—Kaffirs look at the moment as though they would never hold up their heads again. Even the faithful Teuton is getting out. The German is the greediest gambler in the world, and also one of the most confiding. Germany is a market for more rubbish than any other country in Europe. However, there is nothing to be said for the Kaffir Market, and Rhodesians are just as neglected as their sisters. The public will have nothing whatever to do with these mines. Who can blame them?

TIN.—All the speculative activity of the Stock Exchange has been concentrated on the Tin shares of Nigeria. Anglo-Continental and Edmond Davis Co., which a few weeks ago were quoted at 20s., have been rushed up to 2½. Champions, Bisichi, Rayfield, and Gurum River have all been the medium of large gambling transactions. Wild stories are going about with regard to the value of the lode that has been discovered on Anglo-Continental ground. I need hardly say that if this lode has one-tenth of the value attributed to it, Mr. Edmond Davis is not the gentleman to sell shares in the company at £1 and upwards, or to give calls to the market for the purpose of keeping prices steady. There has been a steady unloading of Anglo-Continental by insiders. No doubt Nigeria will in the end turn out quite a reasonable amount

of tin, but we must not forget that all these alluvial propositions die out very rapidly, and are certainly amongst the most risky things in which a person can invest his money.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Marconi market is now tired. No one ever speaks of the Spanish Marconi, and the other issues of this firm are also dull. Shipping shares look weak, but the great house of Debenham has issued a report showing a profit of £114,000, and the Preferred and Deferred Ordinary get their 6 per cent., whilst £20,000 is divided between the Deferred shareholders and the participation fund. Liberty and Co., the soundest of all our shop investments, have also issued a splendid report. The capital of the company is covered twice over by first-class assets, and Liberty preference shares are as good an investment as anyone could wish to have. Paquin dividend has been increased, but the report has not yet been issued. These three great shops all of them offer excellent investments to the public. They are all splendidly managed.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

CRITICAL OPINIONS: SHOULD THEY BE STANDARDISED?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—If "H." (let him not hide bashfully behind a single letter) will be good enough to read the article, he will find there, in the middle of paragraph 4, a clearly set-out method of standardising critical opinion. Possibly there are better systems to be had; I hope there are. But the point is that "H." ignores a concise, five-line method in order to rush in and say, "There was no hint as to how critical opinion should be standardised."

As to "invention" in fiction, I used the word in an old-time sense, possibly in a sense unknown to "H." And seeing that his (?) idea of this kind of invention is so very different from mine—judging by the manner in which he writes—it were idle to pit the one against the other. Alas! that "H." should so badly need—according to his letter—not only the standardising of his (?) literary ideas by such a process as the one given in the article, but also that he should be in such eagerness to correct the innocent by filing an indictment against himself.—I am, sir, yours very truly,

Billericay, February 23, 1912.

J. E. PATTERSON.

"SPELING MAID EEZY."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Mr. Peter Leslie iz glad *u* and *v* ar not inter-chainjaibl, and long *s* ded. But it did not di ov its oen acord. When Rivington printed a book for a former Bishop ov Durham he uezd the curent tiep for *s* which had been introeduest bi Mr. Bell at the erly part ov the 18th sentuery. On submishon ov the proof tu hiz lordship he demanded long *s* be substitueted at considerable los and tiem tu the printer. Jujing from Mr. Leslie's conservativ sympathiz tueord the prezent speling, we imagin he wud been on the bishop's sied uphoelding long *s*, altho he now rejoises in its departuer!

Mr. Immo S. Allen haz the failing ov moest "pairents." A grandmuther wuns said tu her grandchildren: "Gan be yorselz; therz fu liek yer." He haz ventuerd the opinion that the noetaishon ov the S. S. Society iz "amatuerish." Possibly it iz, but it iz preferabl tu hiz higel-depigeldy micstuer ov leterz, nuemeralz, ligatuerz, diacritics, and

"haitches" galoer. Mai we be deliverd from such a hoj-poj! He needz tu cultivait modesty, and be les disparaijing ov uthor projects when hiz oen "bantling" iz afflicted with untieply "moelt." Stil, I prefer hiz alfabet tu the prezent wun, and no dout it iz caipabl ov duing good wurk az an instrument in the handz ov aibl teecherz, a stajj, let us hoep, it iz not liekly tu reech or long retain, if ataind.

I can enduer Mr. Lange's conservatizm when I remember hiz apeels on behaaf ov the Simplified Speling advocaited bi the S. S. Boerd, admits speling duz not egzist for etimolojists, and that speech haz a claim az well az the literary sied ov langwajj. The literary sied wil be literary, poetic, emoeshonal and elevaiting *whatever* kiend ov speling is uezd. Speling duz not impart the sliest ecstazy tu the printed pajj. I can enjoi Shakespear in eny garb, in hiz oen printerz letering, the curent formz, in Sir Isaac Pitman's gloerius Fonotipy, or in hiz neet fonografic characterz. It iz Shakespear's oen miety pouer which awaikenz kindred feelingz within us, and not the meer ded, mecanical, unemoeshonal leterz which convai hiz thaunts. If we admit that ther iz poetry in alfabetic formz, then Isaac Pitman must hav been very foolish and destituet ov aul muezic when he lithograft in fonografic character porshonz ov Shakespear. I no he woz niether, and Mr. Lange wil admit the saim. If so, whi claim a virtue for the curent speling which *cannot* be establisht bi eny parity ov reezon or ecspeeriens? That aul ar familiar with it adz no moer tu its beuty (?) than the length ov servis ov Mr. Laboucher's coet aded tu its "sweetnes."

Mr. Lange aserts foenetic rieting wud practicaly aford no asistans tu the meening ov wurdz. An unworontabl asumshon. It practicaly reiteraits Mr. Wallis' "haaf divien" theory, which history won't support in the sliest degree. Ar we tu asuem that aul befoer Johnson's dai wer destituet ov aul nolej ov the meening ov wurdz, altho ther wer dicshonariz befoer hiz tiem, and Englishmen new the meening ov wurdz and understood eech uthor and the books thai red just az we du tudai, notwithstanding that the speling prior tu hiz advent woz moer foenetic than now; that filolojists ov tudai mai thank thair starz Heven haz blest them with such a perfect (?) instrument tu reveal the etimolojical loer lokt up in the egzisting speling. Imajin the Egyptian darknes thruout the land had we not spelt az we du! Tu thank God for a Hous ov Lordz iz but a feebl praaer compaird tu the imprecaishon which aut tu asend for an orthograpy which haz cum bi chans, devoid ov stability, destituet ov reezon, difcult and costly tu teech and tu reed, and cauzd untoeld soro tu milionz ov children! This the grait reveeler, forsooth! What an iedol!

Richard Grant White's "impossibility"—tu convai sound bi riten characterz upon paiper with sertainty in wun naiborhood for ten years—has been acomplisht bi Isaac Pitman, his brutherz, and sunz and fonograferz for 75 yearz. Fonograferz the *wuldr-wied oer* ar aible tu reed eech uthorz leterz; and eeven thoez riten in diferent characterz and formz curent at the begining ov the Fonografic crusaid can be red tudai. Whot haz mi friend tu advans against this fact, not the wurk ov a theorist?

Mr. Lange menshonz Italian and Spanish. The former iz foenetic, moer so than English. Hav aul the calamitiz befaulen it that await ourz? Further, hav Italian, Spanish and German undergon no modifcaishonz? Ar filolojists in Italy, Spain and Germany unaibl tu divien the meening ov foenetic formz, and are filolojists distrusted and filolojy despiedz in thoez landz? Wher du the interests ov children and educaishon cum in in Mr. Lange's economy?—Yuerz, etc.,

H. DRUMMOND.

Laburnum Hous,

Hetton-le-Hole, February 24.

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